THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps be enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

Two years ago this month, the first number of THE BOOKMAN was given to the public. It made its appearance rather quietly, as became a magazine with only a few score of subscribers. Such friends as it possessed remarked with what we thought to be a great excess of candour, "What! Another magazine?" and some of them cheered us by paraphrasing what Prince Bismarck said to Alexander of Bulgaria—that it would at any rate be to us a pleasant reminiscence to have edited a literary journal. We had some rather strong misgivings of our own, although we kept them to ourselves. Nevertheless, it did not seem quite absolutely hopeless to produce a magazine such as was contemplated by THE BOOKMAN's publishers and editors. There seemed, indeed, to be a place for a periodical that should appeal not merely to professional workers in the field of letters, but to the far greater body of cultivated men and women who enjoy whatever is good in literature, and who take a healthy human interest in all that relates to books and to those who make the books. It was our aim to give to this large class a magazine of independent judgment, not smacking of the literary shop, nor bound to any set or clique, not filled with fads and studied eccentricities, not catering meekly to its advertising columns, not ponderous and pompous over trifles, nor flippant over serious things, but aiming always to conform to the accepted canons of good taste and courtesy and common sense.

❀

The very hearty welcome which THE BOOKMAN from the very first received was as gratifying as it had been unexpected. The press accorded it most cordial and appreciative notices; the public bought it and continued buying it. When, after a few months, its subscribers began to be numbered by the thousand, and when letters of commendation began to come to us from every section of the country, the existence of the magazine appeared to be its own best justification; and from that day down to this, the number of its readers and subscribers has grown with every week. It has had to make its way against some little opposition. For a while, it was regarded by some persons as the proper thing to speak of it as only a "trade journal," but they long ago got bravely over that. It has once or twice been briskly criticised; but these attacks were only one more proof of the reality of THE BOOKMAN's influence; and it has not infrequently received that most impressive kind of flattery which takes the form of imitation. Altogether, its two years have been two years of steady growth, and the magazine this month completes its fourth volume with every indication of permanence and prosperity.

❀

We have indulged ourselves with this small bit of retrospection, not from any feeling of complacent vanity nor in a spirit of self-gratulation, but merely because the extent of the favour that has been shown us in the past is the measure of our gratitude to those who have so cordially bestowed it. And we believe that our unceasing effort to make THE BOOKMAN every year more worthy of their generosity will be the most sincere and satisfactory acknowledgment of the very heavy obligation that has been imposed upon us.

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The first instalment of *In Kedar's Tents*, by Henry Seton Merriman, which was announced to appear in this number, has been necessarily postponed until the March number, which begins a new volume of THE BOOKMAN. We understand that the editors of *McClure's Magazine* have been successful in securing some short stories from Mr. Merriman, to appear in their magazine some time during the year.

❀

The report which was widely circulated last year to the effect that Mrs. Pearl Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) was engaged to Mr. George Moore, turns out to have been a myth, which probably arose from the literary collaboration of those two interesting persons. We learn, however, on excellent authority, that Mrs. Craigie is actually engaged, and will before long be married to Mr. Walter Spindler, who is somewhat her junior, and who is the owner of a fine estate in the Isle of Wight, England.

❀

The elevation to the peerage of Sir Joseph Lister, in recognition of his services to medical science in the discovery of antiseptic methods in surgery, is interesting as breaking through a long-standing tradition, which made a baronetcy the highest rank in England attainable by a "medical man." The saying has been current for nearly a century that the hand which had once been held out for a fee could never sign the roll of the House of Lords; but looking over the list of recently made peers, it would certainly seem as though the saving of human life might give as good a claim to a coronet as the brewing of beer or the manufacture of oil-cloth.

❀

Mr. Cleveland has signalised the end of his administration by the unhappy linguistic feat of splitting two infinitives in a single sentence. He did it in the following from his Message of December 8th:

"Even though it may be found that Federal authority is not broad enough to fully reach the case, there can be no doubt of the power of the several States to act effectively in the premises, and there should be no reason to doubt their willingness to judiciously exercise such power."

We should like to think that Mr. McKinley will prove to be the advance-agent of stylistic propriety; but he split so many infinitives himself during the late campaign that we do not venture to expect relief from him; and if poor Mr. Bryan had been elected—well, the Western plains are still strewn with the wreckage of this unfortunate mood amid whose members he thrust the brutal adverb ere dropping it from the tail-end of his car.

❀

Not long ago Mr. Andrew Lang put forth some strictures upon a paper of George Moore, with the result that Mr. Moore, who has evidently learned a thing or two in literary polemics, replied in the following very amusing letter addressed to the editor of the *Saturday Review*:

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

SIR: In this month's *Longmans* Mr. Andrew Lang comments somewhat strangely on my article entitled "Since the Elizabethans," published in *Cosmopolis* for October.

It happened to me to spend a few days last summer in an English village. As I drove from the railway station to the lodging which had been hired for me, I noticed a pleasant river, which seemed to promise excellent fishing. I mentioned the river to my landlady.

"Oh, yes, sir," she said, "there is very good fishing here—many people come here for fishing."

"What kind of people come here?" I asked distractedly.

"Literary gentlemen come here very often, sir; we had Mr. Andrew Lang staying here."

"Oh, really! . . . Does he fish? Is he a good fisherman?"

"Yes, sir; he fishes beautifully."

"Really! Does he catch much?"

"No, sir; he never catches anything, but he fishes beautifully."

Yours truly,

GEORGE MOORE.

❀

The Judge Publishing Company has in the press a novel founded upon an episode in the life of Yvette Guilbert. It is written by a Frenchman, and has been translated by Mr. Arthur Hornblow. It is profusely illustrated by photographs taken from life, for which Mademoiselle Guilbert recently posed in this city. It will be issued in ornamental paper covers at fifty cents.

❀

Scene in a Curio Shop.

Intending Purchaser (examining a portrait on ivory): "Who is that, please?"

Saleswoman (surprised and in a patronising tone): "Why, don't you recognise the face? That's Madame de Staël, the celebrated French professional beauty!"

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The *Critic* says that by the time that Mrs. Cleveland's daughters have grown up there will doubtless be an Annex to Princeton University. We advise the secretary of Evelyn College to send Miss Gilder a catalogue.

❀

Max Pemberton has written a new story entitled *Christine of the Hills*, which will be published in the spring by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. Mr. Pemberton's recent novel, *A Puritan's Wife*, is meeting with deserved success in England, where it is already in its tenth thousand.

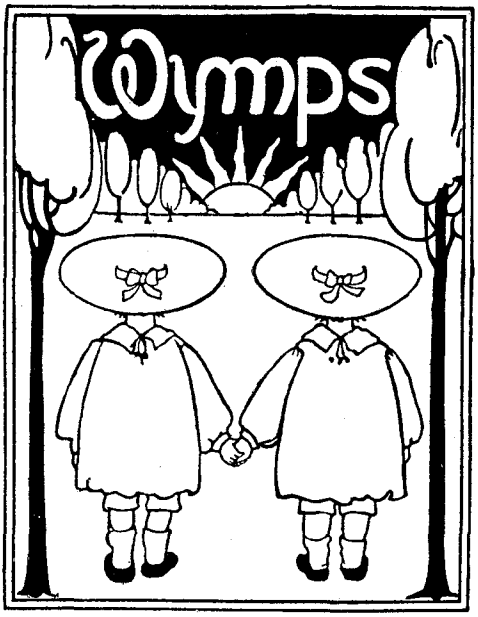
❀

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is said to be meditating the publication in book form of another volume of stories, to be selected from those which have appeared in various periodicals during the last two years.

❀

Madame Adolphe Rogé, better known to magazine readers as Charlotte Fiske Bates, who was lately a visitor in New York, is preparing some reminiscences of the poet Longfellow which promise to be of an intimate and interesting character. For seven years Madame Rogé was associated with the poet in the preparation of *The Seven Voices of Sympathy*, *The Birthday Book* and other works, and she has preserved a number of letters which were written to her by Longfellow during this period. Madame Rogé herself was so long identified with Cambridge, Mass., and the New England writers, that it is with surprise we learn that she is by birth a New Yorker, but she left New York for Cambridge at a very early date. A few years ago she returned to the city to take a position as a teacher of literature, and not long afterward was stricken with the illness which resulted in the unfortunate report of her death. This has caused her considerable annoyance, as the mistake, though at once corrected, has made its way into a dictionary of authors and into the first edition of a popular encyclopædia. Since the death of her husband a few months ago, Madame Rogé has done very little writing, but she is now about to resume her literary and educational work. Among other things, she has a volume of poems almost ready for the press.

One of the most pleasing books of fairy tales published during the holidays, certainly the most picturesque, was Miss Evelyn Sharp's *Wymps* in its bright cover bedizened in red, black, and green. A reproduction of the design is herewith given. Mr. William Watson,



by the way, presented a copy of the book to a little girl with the following lines written on the fly-leaf, which we copy from the London *Academy*:

"Here, in this book, the wise may find
A world exactly to their mind.
From fairy kings to talking fish,
There's everything such persons wish!

"Sweeter little maid than you
Never read a story through.
Through a sweeter little book
Little maid shall never look."

❀

Mr. William Watson's new volume of poems, *The Year of Shame*, will be issued in a few days by Mr. John Lane. In this volume Mr. Watson reprints the sixteen sonnets published last year under the title of *The Purple East*, and adds a number of other poems having reference to public affairs. The book is to have an allegorical frontispiece after G. F. Watts, R.A., and an introduction by the Bishop of Hereford.

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Though established in London only four years ago, *The Studio*, "an illustrated magazine of fine and applied art," is well known to all artists, and to all readers interested in art in America. Mr. John Lane has now made arrangements to issue an American edition of this magazine which will be the same as the English edition, but will contain additional matter of special interest to American readers. The strong point of *The Studio* is its illustrations, of which each issue contains a large number. The title of *The International Studio* has been chosen for the American edition, and the first number will be published during February. A most elaborate cover design has been made for it by Mr. Will H. Bradley.

❀

Mrs. Meynell's new volume of essays, *The Children*, which is reviewed in another column, gains an additional interest from being the first book printed by Mr. Will H. Bradley, at the Wayside Press, Springfield, Mass. In addition to printing the book Mr. Bradley has designed a cover, end-papers, title-page, initial letters, and other ornaments. We cannot praise too highly Mr. Bradley's designs, which are on a high artistic level, and the volume is one of the best pieces of printing we have seen for a long time. The book gives Mr. Bradley a unique and enviable reputation as a printer.

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll relates the following interesting facts about Longfellow and Lowell, whose homes he visited at Cambridge while in America. "Miss Longfellow, the poet's daughter, still lives in the old wooden house, with its large verandah and spacious rooms, and she has retained the old furniture, which is, much of it, in black carved oak. The poet's books are, many of them, as he left them, and his library abounds in handsome complete editions of famous authors. Many stories are still told of Longfellow's great kindness of heart, of his courtesy, which was never wearied and never broken, of his great patience in receiving strangers and in answering letters. No one could have left a sweeter memory, and on all hands the testimony is that a purer and gentler spirit never breathed. Elmwood, the residence of Lowell, is in some ways sad to look at. It is a fairly large house, surrounded by good grounds, but it has a desolate, half-ruined appearance. It was the home of Lowell's father, a Unitarian minister, and Lowell came back to it in his lonely old age to die. Notwithstanding the brilliance of his career and the frequent gaiety of his spirits, any reader of Lowell's letters and books must see that there was in him a deep vein of melancholy. He had great courage, however, and had the remarkable advantage of unbroken health. Till late in life he hardly knew what illness was; when it came to him in a particularly painful form he would not recognise it, fought gallantly against it, and only yielded at the last. There is no one living now to bear his name, and some shadow of gloom rests upon the fortunes of his house. I asked Professor Norton, who edited his letters, whether there was likely to be any biography. Mr. Norton said that he had been asked to write one, but did not see his way to do it; that if Mr. Henry James would have consented to come home

THE CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS, LONGFELLOW'S HOME.

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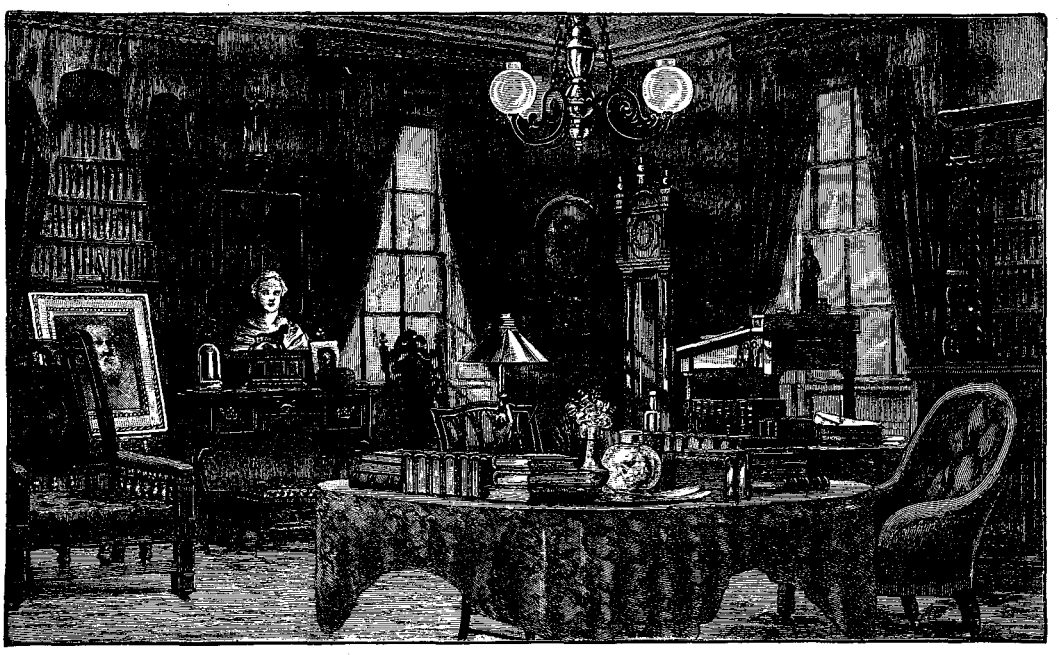

LONGFELLOW'S STUDY.

and write it the friends of Lowell would have been greatly satisfied, but that Mr. James did not seem disposed to do this, and in consequence it was probable that nothing would be done. This seems a great pity, for there is obviously material left for a very interesting and instructive book. Lowell's large and fine library still remains in Elmwood, and the literature of many countries is well represented."

❀

The same cannot be said of the library of Holmes, a large part of which has been given away. When Mr. Barrie published his *Auld Licht Idylls* he sent the first copy to Dr. Holmes, and Judge Holmes says that his father's favourite books in the last days of his life were *A Window in Thrums* and Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

❀

Salem, Dr. Nicoll thinks, must have been rather a dreary dwelling-place in Hawthorne's boyhood, with its old wooden houses, its chill east winds, and its chiller social atmosphere. "In this quiet town Hawthorne spent the greater part of his boyhood, as well as many years of his later life, and there is a mingled tenderness and rancour in his allusions to it. There can be no question at this time of day that Hawthorne is the greatest genius that America has produced, and that his works, along, perhaps, with some of Longfellow's poetry, are the most durable product of the American mind. We saw his birthplace, which the town has a mind to buy. The price put upon it by the owners is at present somewhat prohibitive, amounting to something like fifteen thousand dollars for a very humble dwelling. We saw also the house in which he courted his bride, Sophia Peabody, the daughter of the local dentist. This house, I think, is described by him as Dr. Grimshaw's house. His early attempts to support himself by the pen in Salem were far from fortunate. He says himself that he was for many years the most obscure man of letters in America. At that time he was one of at least some dozen Americans who had taken to the profession of literature, and he seems to have remained at Salem simply because his mother and two sisters were living there. He had attained the mature age of forty-six when he published *The Scarlet Letter*, and with that for the first time he gained the ear of the public. We were interested to see in the Custom House at Salem his official stamp preserved. The building

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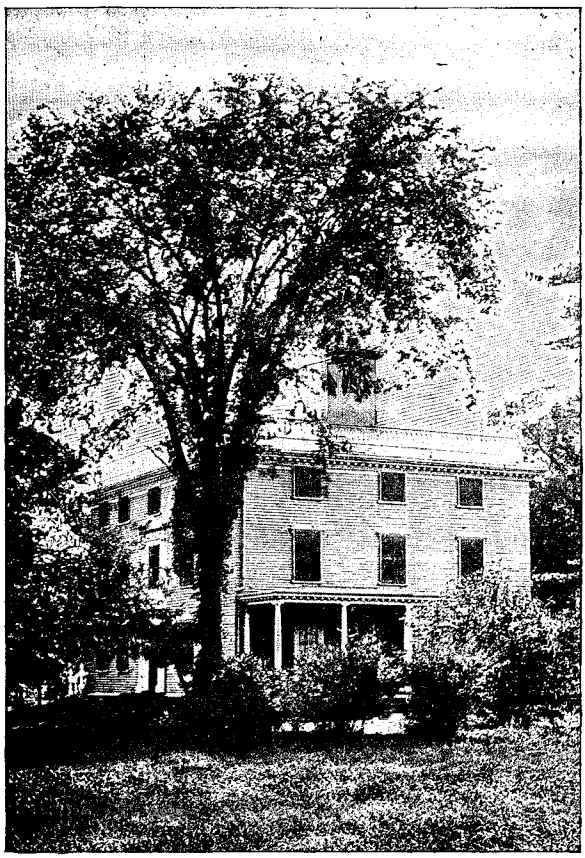

ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., LOWELL'S HOME.

is altered, but the traditions connected with his occupancy of the office have been jealously guarded, and were most politely explained to us by those now in charge. During his later days in this office Hawthorne fell into deep despondency, and when he gave his *Scarlet Letter* to his publisher, he had little hopes of it, and hardly believed in the praises he received, though when he tried to read it to his wife his voice 'swelled and heaved as if he were tossed up and down on an ocean as it subsides after the storm.' It was at once recognised as the greatest work of imagination ever produced in America, and as also a triumphant achievement in point of style.

❀

"What I found especially interesting was a collection of Hawthorne's early letters in the possession of Mr. Manning, a cousin of Hawthorne's, whom we met in Salem. Particularly interesting were the numbers of a little magazine which Hawthorne edited and wrote when he was a boy of seventeen. The handwriting is singularly distinct, almost like print, and there is a great deal of quaint humour in many of the paragraphs, especially in the rather satirical criticisms of the sermons the editor heard at church. Some essays show that his sombre thought was native to his genius, and discuss with something of the delicate precision of his later years 'the sad vicissitudes of things.' In this most valuable collection—a collection, by the way, which has not been by any means completely utilised in print, although in *The Youth's Companion* some part of it has been published—there is a letter written from Concord and announcing the death of his first-born, dearly loved, and ill-fated daughter, Una Hawthorne."

❀

Through the kindness of Dr. Emerson and his sister, Miss Emerson, who now occupies her father's house, Dr. Nicoll had the privilege of viewing his home. "No spot in America seemed to me quite so sacred as that quiet study, from which so many ennobling and purifying impulses and influences went forth into the world. It is just as it used to be through the days of that long and innocent life. There are, as I should have expected, comparatively few books. One side of the room is occupied, but I should think the number of volumes does not exceed at the very most three thousand. Among them there are many works of interest, and many of them bear traces of repeated readings. Emerson was in the habit of writing at the end of his books the numbers of the pages in which he had found something especially interesting. It is clear that he did not read the classics in the original, at least to any extent, although one or two are to be found in his library. I was especially attracted by an early volume of Tennyson (1832), which Emerson bought on visiting Europe in 1833. From the very first he seems to have appreciated

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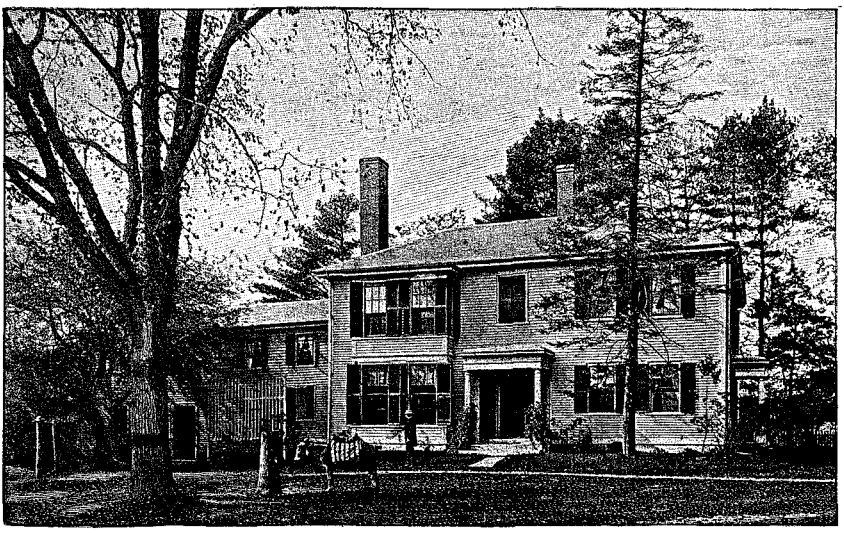

EMERSON'S HOME AT CONCORD.

the greatness of Tennyson. He also had the earliest American edition of Browning, but he would never admit that Browning was a poet—a strange judgment, for in the matter of form the two men nearly resembled each other. There is, as might be expected, a fine collection of first editions of American authors, nearly all presentation copies, including a beautiful set of Hawthorne, but there is no such treasure as that possessed by my friend, Mr. Henry Norman, in his copy of *The Scarlet Letter*, the very first volume of the first edition. No American biography known to me reaches anything like the merit of the *Life of Emerson*, written by Mr. James Elliot Cabot, and published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. It ought to be printed in a cheaper and more accessible form."

❀

The illustrations of the homes of Longfellow, Lowell and Emerson, and of Longfellow's Study printed in these pages are taken, by the kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, from their Riverside Literature Series.

❀

Mr. John D. Barry, known to readers by his charming little child-story, *The Princess Margarethe*, and his more ambitious story of the stage, *A Daughter of Thespis*, has just published, through Messrs. Stone and Kimball, a novel entitled *Mademoiselle Blanche*, the story of a French acrobat, which is a daring study of character in realism. The scenes shift from Paris to London, and Mr. Barry resided in both cities for some time studying his subject at first hand. *Mademoiselle Blanche* is rated very highly by several critics who have read the advance sheets of the book, and it is anticipated that it will give Mr. Barry a more prominent place among writers of fiction than he has yet secured.

❀

An article by Mr. Henry James on "George Sand and Alfred de Musset" will be included in the new volume of *The Yellow Book*, to be ready in a few days. One of the most interesting contributions will be a poem by Kenneth Grahame, the author of *The Golden Age*. The other contents include a poem by William Watson, three "Prose Fancies" by Richard Le Gallienne, and stories by Miss Ella D'Arcy and Mr. F. A. Swettenham, the author of *Malay Sketches*. The cover design is by Miss Ethel Reed, who also contributes four pictures. Miss Reed, who has been in Berlin during the past few months, is now in London.

❀

Marie Corelli has a rival among the upper ten in London. A recent visitor to the drawing-rooms of royalty and the English aristocracy tells us that the book which is most frequently met with there is the *Poems* of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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The fiftieth anniversary of the memorable marriage between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett was celebrated in the Marylebone Parish Church, London, on Saturday morning, December 12th. The music was elaborate and very fine, but disappointment was felt in the sermon which was preached by Dean Farrar. Those who had not heard him for several years seemed to detect a change both in his style and in his appearance. He was looking pale and languid, as if the air of Canterbury did not suit him so well as Westminster. The Dean described Browning as the manliest of modern poets, and said that the happiness of his married life taught a lesson to a generation in which so many gifted authors sneer at matrimony and paint the gates of Hell with Paradise. In connection with this, the Dean mentioned the late Coventry Patmore, "a true poet, though his range was limited," and praised the "holy pureness and classical simplicity" of *The Angel in the House*. Dean Farrar said that Mr. Browning had told him that the line which expressed his deepest faith was this:

> " . . . He at least believed in Soul, was very sure of God."

Our correspondent says that it was amusing to observe a number of ladies who had come to church provided with copies of the works of the Brownings. They kept turning over the leaves as Dean Farrar passed rapidly from one quotation to another, but he was too quick for them, and by the time they had discovered the Portuguese sonnet, from which he quoted ten minutes before, he would be four or five extracts ahead in "The Ring and the Book" or "Ferishtah's Fancies."

❀

Readers of Browning will recall how deep was the interest with which the poet looked on a man who had talked with Shelley.

> "And did you once see Shelley plain?
> And did he stop and speak to you?
> And did you speak to him again?
> How strange it seems and new!"

Dean Farrar tells us that Mr. Browning himself once told him how important and interesting he thought it that the young should have, as it were, landmarks in their lives by at least seeing great men who belonged to a popular generation. "Once," Mr. Browning said to Dean Farrar, "I was walking with my son, who was then a little boy, in the streets of Paris. We saw an old man approaching us in a long, loose, rather shabby coat, and with a stooping, shuffling attitude and gait. 'Touch that man as you pass him,' I whispered to my little son. The child touched him as he passed, and I said to him, 'Now, my boy, you will always be able to remember in later years that you once saw and touched the great Béranger.'"

❀

One of the new family magazines recently started in England—*The Temple Magazine*—has already attained a large popularity, and is not unknown even on this side, although it has been only four months in existence. The contents of the January number are especially rich and interesting. There are stories by Margaret Deland, L. B. Walford, Percy L. Parker, and chapters of a serial story by Silas K. Hocking, besides the Home and Study Fire departments. But what we are especially interested in is the first of a series of articles by the Dean of Canterbury on "Men I have Known: Reminiscences and Appreciations." The first paper contains some new and interesting reminiscences of Lord Tennyson and a number of interesting facsimiles and other illustrations, two of which we have reproduced. We learn from Dean Farrar that the poet believed he had put some of his best poetic work into "The Princess," and that he had often regretted that he did not connect it with some stronger and more serious framework than what he called "A Medley." He says that there is a legend at Cambridge in connection with the prize which Tennyson obtained for his poem on "Timbuctoo" in 1829, to the effect that one of the examiners—Professor Smyth—had written on the outer leaf of this poem "v. q.," which he meant for "very queer;" but the other examiners took it for "v. g.," "very good," and assigned the medal to it. The legend is, the Dean believes, an entire myth, and that Tennyson's prize poem contains some far finer passages than any other poem which has been so rewarded, either at Cambridge or Oxford. It was at this time that Dean Farrar took the liberty of sending a poem in blank

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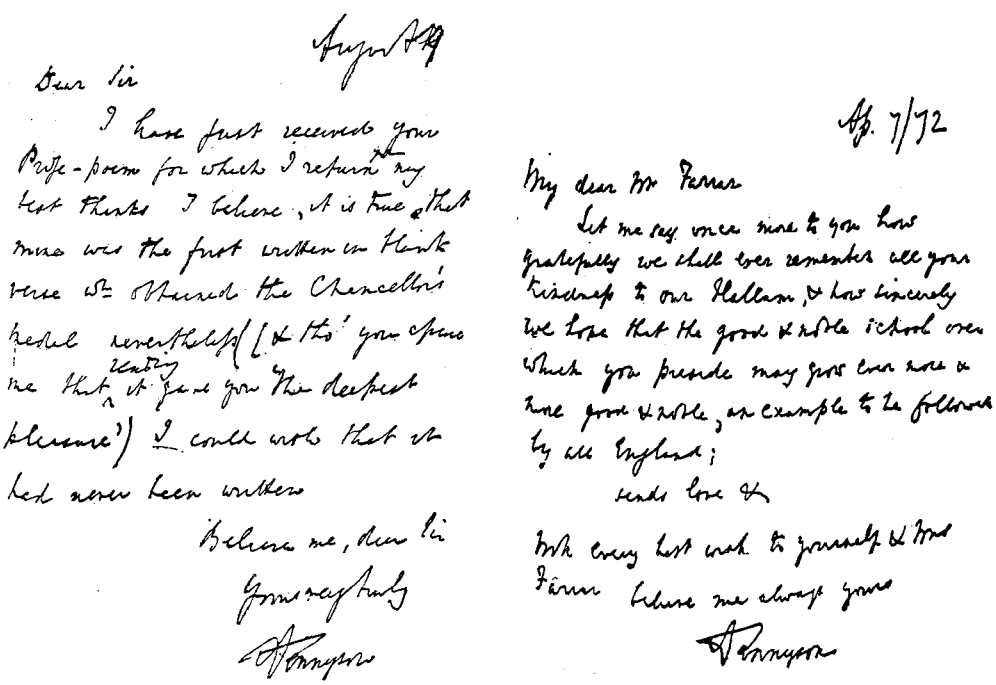
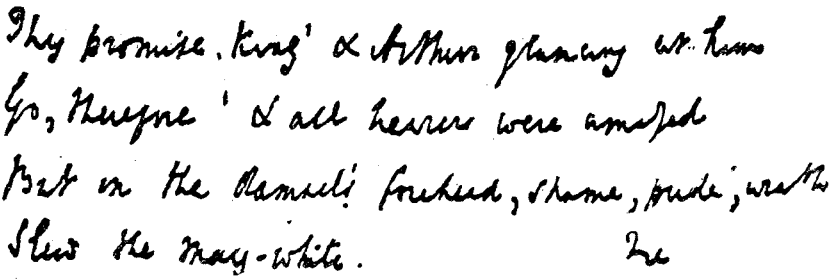


FAC-SIMILES OF TWO LETTERS FROM LORD TENNYSON TO DEAN FARRAR.

verse on "The Arctic Regions," with which he had obtained the Chancellor's gold medal at Cambridge, and received from the poet one of the letters which are herewith reproduced in fac-simile. The other letter was written more than forty years afterward, when the poet's eldest son, the present Lord Tennyson, was at Marlborough College. The second letter is more interesting by reason of the fact that rarely did the poet write his own letters in later years.

❀

Dean Farrar frequently enjoyed the hospitality of the poet and that of Lady Tennyson at Freshwater. "At first," he says, "he was always shy, but with those who won his confidence this very soon wore off. There was something delightfully simple and straightforward in all he said, and the brusque frankness of his remarks and questions sometimes made one laugh. His appearance was that with which many photographs have familiarised us. In his large, round, broad-brimmed cloth hat, and his ample cloak, and with his long beard, he used to compare his appearance to that of a monk or a brigand. His conversation, in his brighter and lighter moods, was almost boyish in its vivacity, and at more serious moments was full of wisdom and instructiveness. The first moods were often shown at social meals, and afterward, when it was the custom for all the guests to adjourn at once for dessert into another room,



FAC-SIMILE OF LINES FROM THE ORIGINAL MS. OF TENNYSON'S "IDYLLS OF THE KING."

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where the poet used sometimes to brew a bowl of punch with much delight. But, late in the evening, when the ladies had retired, and he was smoking, often till late at night in his study, he was ripe for conversations which were sometimes of absorbing interest, and touched not only

"'On labour and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land,

for he took the deepest interest in contemporary as in all other history, but also on some of the deepest topics of life, death, and what comes hereafter. Here it might be truly said that the great poet 'rolled out his mind.' I enjoyed very greatly the long walks with him over the 'noble downs' and through the green fields and shady lanes of Freshwater, and over the wide moor and among the fine views at Aldworth. I shall never forget how one evening we did not get back from our walk till it was nearly dark, and our footsteps disturbed the many birds which sheltered themselves in undisturbed security in the densely flowering shrubs and trees which surrounded the poet's home. As the birds uttered their various notes he stopped with delight and said, 'There, that is a blackbird, and that a thrush, and that a robin, and that a blue-tit.' He thus showed both the keenness of his hearing and his intimately familiar knowledge of 'the voices of the birds.'"

❀

Mr. William Doxey, of San Francisco, has experienced so much delay and annoyance in the publication of *Tales of Languedoc* and *An Itinerant House*, through outside printing-offices, that he has decided to set up his own plant and start a printing establishment on his own account. He has already about a dozen good books which he is making arrangements to publish during the present year. His latest window display has been an exhibition of "Stanford University and its Work in Literature."

❀

Miss Beatrice Harraden's California story entitled "Hilda Strafford," which appeared serially in *The Cosmopolitan* last summer, is now being translated into Danish, and is to be published in Copenhagen. Miss Harraden, in collaboration with Dr. William A. Edwards, has borne testimony to the charms and benefits of Southern California as a Mecca for invalids in a little book entitled *Two Health-Seekers in Southern California*, which is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

❀

Messrs. Copeland and Day have a new story by Clive Holland, entitled *A Writer of Fiction*, in the press, which they will publish on February 15th.

❀

Mr. J. M. Barrie reached home in time to attend the meeting in Edinburgh held to promote a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson. An account of this meeting appears in our London Letter, and we have before us a report of the speech which Mr. Barrie delivered, and from which we give the following extracts:

"Nothing would have induced me to face this meeting had the cause been less dear to me, and had I had less love and admiration for Robert Louis Stevenson, who was loved far more than any other writer of his time. You have read in novels that when a man is really in love he hates to have his lady make an idol and worship it; he wants her to know him as he really is; he tells her all there is to be told against himself, what his failings are, and says to her that now she cannot love him so much. Then he turns upon her in a passion when she admits that she does not. That is how we regard Louis Stevenson. We know he had his imperfections, but we are all willing to turn ourselves into Alan Brecks and become 'braw fighters.' . . .

"There is only one other novelist of modern times who has called forth such a passion of devotion—a woman, a darker spirit than he, one who died at a very much younger age than he did, the author of *Wuthering Heights*. Every one who has come under the spell of Stevenson or Emily Brontë would fight for them until he dropped. It is no one single class that loves Stevenson. All classes love him. There is that beautiful story of the little native boy at Samoa. When Stevenson went there first he built a small hut, and he afterward went into a larger house. When he went the first night into this house he was feeling very tired and sorrowful that he had not had the forethought to ask his servant to bring coffee and cigarettes, and just as he was thinking this the door opened and the native boy came in with a tray carrying cigarettes and coffee. Mr. Stevenson said to him in the native language, 'Great is your forethought,' and the boy bowed and corrected him, saying, 'Great is the love.' . . .

"It has been said that Stevenson cared little about his old university in Edinburgh, but this is not true. The other day I heard of a letter Stevenson wrote to one of his oldest friends. It was written from the South Seas, and he said he was lying in a boat thinking of old days at Edinburgh University, and the dreams he had dreamed in those days, and how little he had

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thought at that time that they would be realised. And now that they had been realised, it had occurred to this friend that out of gratitude he might have put at the corner of Lothian Street a tablet in which that little story might be inscribed, so that students who had grown down-hearted might perchance look upon it and be cheered. I do not know whether that tablet will ever be put up, but I dare say that many students will seem to see it there and take courage. Stevenson's appeal was to young men, and by young men I think he will be best known and longest remembered. There is a body of young men who take Stevenson as their model, who look up to him as their example. I mean the younger writers of to-day of all classes, not merely the Romanticists, the Realists, the Idealists, the Pessimists as they are called. These all see with different eyes, but they are all agreed that Stevenson beyond all other writers of his time is the man who showed them how to put their houses in order before they began to write, and in what spirit they should write, and with what aim and with what clean tools, with what necessity of toil. They knew from him that however poor their books might be they were not disgraced if they had done their best, and however popular they might be, if they were not written with some of his aims they were only cumberers of the ground. Stevenson is dead, but he still carries our flag, and because of him the most unworthy among us are a little more worthy, and the meanest of us are a little less mean."

❀

Mr. Barrie's allusion to Emily Brontë fell quite cold on the great audience assembled to do Stevenson honour. "But I thought it was Charlotte who wrote *Jane Eyre?*" was a question overheard (on the platform, too). "Oh, Emily was Charlotte's *second* name!" was the very satisfactory explanation whispered back to the objector.

❀

Our contemporary, the *Critic*, contained recently an article by Mr. Locke Richardson, in which, after the manner of his kind, he ingeniously interpreted a difficult passage of Shakespeare. It will be remembered that in the description of Falstaff's death, we have the words "a' babbled of green fields," if we accept Theobald's reading. Mr. Richardson suggests that Falstaff was

"mustering his waning powers in an effort to die a fair death after repeating, in broken and half-audible accents, verses learned in childhood:

"'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'

"So in 'green fields' we recognise the 'green pastures' of David, and with the recognition comes a strain of pathos in Falstaff's dying hour which no hand but Shakespeare's could have infused."

Mr. Richardson has been much belauded for his ingenuity, but his suggestion is not new. In the *Library Shakespeare* with Notes Critical and Explanatory, by Samuel Neil, Hon. President of the Edinburgh Shakespeare Society, vol. iii., p. 12 (London: William Mackenzie, 1876), there is the following note:

"This gives a special Shakespearean touch to Falstaff's death. His mind appears to have wandered through the darkness till a little streak of light glimmered out from his memory of his childhood's lessons. Here we are shown the repentant dying man looking of the light of the twenty-third Psalm, 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.' And the kindly meant comfort given to him as he so 'babbled,' as well as the satisfaction felt in recounting it, is quite characteristic. So the old dame weeps womanly tears for the departed, while even the graceless Pistol sympathising says, 'Go! clear thy crystals.'"

Mr. Neil is one of the most original and learned of living literary students, yet he has received no adequate recognition.

❀

Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel, the musical critic of the New York *Tribune*, has surely had his finger on the pulse of the people who frequent our concert-rooms and opera houses. His timely book, *How to Listen to Music*, went through three editions within two weeks, and the demand has been daily increasing. It is likely to enjoy a wide popularity. A review of the book by a musical authority appears on another page.

❀

A little book of poetry containing some forty-four pages, and bound in a plain sky blue paper cover, called *The Torrent and the Night Before*, has come to our table during the past month. It is printed by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company for the author, Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, whose address is Gardiner, Me., and is dedicated to "Any man, woman, or critic who will cut the edges of it—I have done the top." "The Torrent" begins,

"I found a torrent falling in a glen
Where the sun's light shone silvered and leaf split;
The boom, the foam, and the mad flash of it
All made a magic symphony; . . ."

and those who read this and have any liking for poetry will read on to the end. Some of the verses we do not care for, especially the long poem at the

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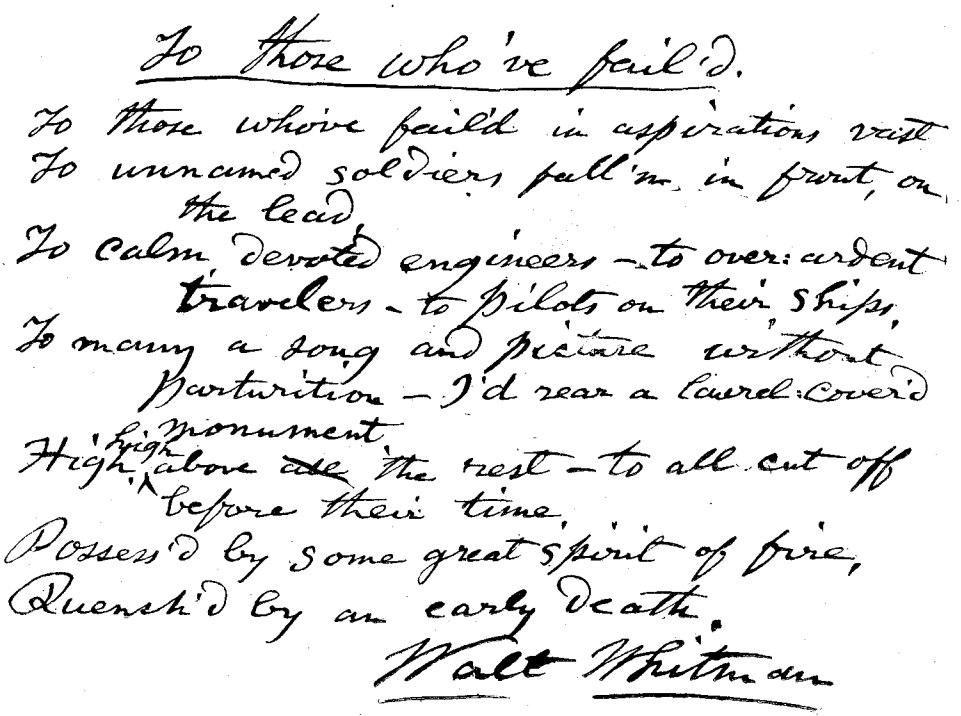
end. There is true fire in his verse, and there are the swing and the singing of wind and wave and the passion of human emotion in his lines; but his limitations are vital. His humour is of a grim sort, and the world is not beautiful to him, but a prison-house. In the night-time there is weeping and sorrow, and joy does not come in the morning. But here and there in a sonnet he lets himself go, and the cry of a yearning spirit enters the lute of Orpheus and sounds a sweet and wondrous note. We quote one sonnet which is free and unstrained and spontaneous in its outburst, flinging itself into form with a natural *abandon* and full-blooded life:

"Oh, for a poet—for a beacon bright,
To rift this changeless glimmer of dead gray:
To spirit back the Muses, long astray,
And flush Parnassus with a newer light;
To put these little sonnet-men to flight
Who fashion, in a shrewd mechanic way,
Songs without souls that flicker for a day,
To vanish in irrevocable night.
What does it mean, this barren age of ours?
Here are the men, the women, and the flowers—
The seasons, and the sunset, as before.
What does it mean? Shall not one bard arise
To wrench one banner from the western skies,
And mark it with his name for evermore?"

One of the newcomers among books of poetry, *Units*, is by Miss Winifred Lucas, and is reviewed on another page. She is a young lady still in her twenties. As in the case of Alice Meynell, a small collection of her poems privately printed several years ago prepared the way for the present book, which introduces her in England and America through the Bodley Head to a larger public.

❀

Opinions will ever be sharply divided on Walt Whitman. In many ways he set himself to repel readers. But there will assuredly be a remnant who will think him a great and original writer, a true poet, and one whose conception of the universe was in the end large, pure, and pitiful. To them the monograph of Mr. John Burroughs, reviewed on another page, will be a welcome book. America in the main condemned him and let him live in obscure poverty, dependent on the admiration and assistance sent him from across the Atlantic, and always accepted with dignity. But he did not die friendless, he did not die wretched, and what is best to remember, he did not die soured, or bitter, or foiled; and those for whom his writings


To Those who've fail'd.

To those whove fail'd in aspirations vast
To unnamed soldiers fall'n in front, on the lead,
To calm devoted engineers—to over-ardent travelers—to pilots on their ships,
To many a song and picture without parturition—I'd rear a laurel-cover'd monument
High above all the rest—to all cut off before their time,
Possess'd by some great spirit of fire,
Quench'd by an early death.

Walt Whitman

FAC-SIMILE FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

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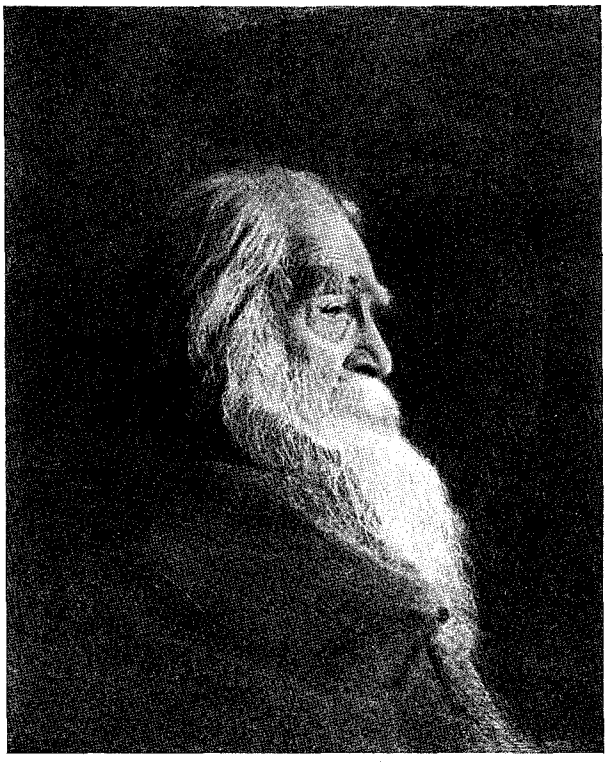
had a message knew that he had not lived in vain. The notable fact about Whitman is that he was the poet alike of life and death. In his work there is much about life—free, daring, sometimes offensive and shameful, but in the end it was a true view. The peculiarity of his optimism is that it embraced night and death. His pregnant line, "the huge and thoughtful night," has settled for some his claim to be a poet; hardly less suggestive is his saying, "I am he who walks with the tender and growing night." On the beauty, the peace, the coolness, the deliciousness of death, he has lavished his richest treasures of thought and expression. Perhaps the finest of his poems is that beginning, "Come lovely and soothing death." We quote the last two stanzas:

"The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

"Over the treetops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death."



Walt Whitman

The portrait of Walt Whitman, which is herewith given, is reproduced from the frontispiece photogravure to Mr. Burroughs's study of the poet through the courtesy of the publishers. The lines in fac-simile are from the original manuscript now in the possession of Mr. J. H. Johnston, of this city. Walt Whitman spent the winter of 1876 and 1877 at Mr. Johnston's home in East Tenth Street, and the latter cherishes a tender regard for the poet, who was his friend, and who especially endeared himself to the family by his affection for the children and that which they bore him and often demonstrated in a rough-and-tumble fashion, as children will, when they get hold of a big-hearted fellow who will humour their whims and fancies.

❀

Mr. Clement K. Shorter writes: "I have received an early copy of Mr. Heinemann's edition of the works of Lord Byron. There are to be four volumes of the letters and memoirs and six volumes of the poems. The first volume, consisting of letters, is beautifully produced, and Mr. W. E. Henley has provided a rich mine of learning for those interested in Byroniana. There are 290 pages of letters in this volume and 180 pages of notes. I only know two cases of annotation to compare with this—Dr. Birbeck Hill's *Hume* and Professor Masson's larger *Milton*." Mr. Shorter is, we may say, the author of the new work on Byron and his friends, which we recently announced as in preparation. Mr. Shorter's achievement in *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle* is a guarantee of his expert qualifications for the execution of this task.

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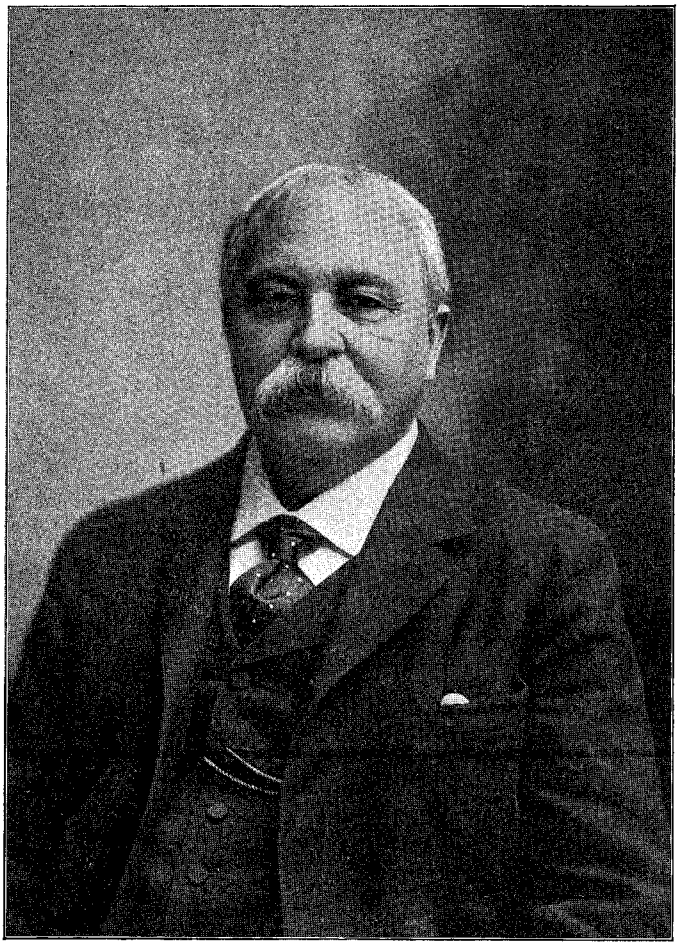

W. D. Howells.

From a photograph by L. Alman and Company, New York.

With the article on Mr. William Dean Howells, in this number, the series of Living Critics, English and American, is concluded. We expect to begin the series of Living Continental Critics next month with a study of the great French critic, M. Brunetière, who is to arrive in this country in March. The above portrait of Mr. Howells is taken from a recent photograph, and has his approval for publication in THE BOOKMAN.

❀

Mr. Israel Zangwill, whose collection of *causeries* entitled *Without Prejudice*, published by the Century Company, is reviewed on another page, is the son of a poor Jew, and was born in London one and thirty years ago. In the course of his school life he entered the Jews' Free School, under the veteran Mr. Moses Angel. There he was known as a brilliant pupil, carrying off prizes and scholarships, until he rose to be a teacher in the school. While teaching he studied for his degree, which he obtained at London University, with honours in French, English, and in Mental and Moral Science. Then he became a teacher under the London School Board at Berner Street School, Whitechapel. Mr. Zangwill was only twenty when he gave up teaching, or, as he himself has put it, "exchanged one set of pupils for another." His adolescent literary experiments are perhaps more amusing than instructive to the literary aspirant. At sixteen he wrote a three-act farcical comedy and went in search of the famous comedian J. L. Toole, thinking "to do him a good turn!" He won a prize of twenty-five dollars for a humorous story called "Professor Grimmer." He kept the money for two years, when he spent it in paying half the cost of publishing a Jewish story, which was loudly denounced—and widely bought—by the Jews. It was sold for a penny. Mr. Zangwill has no copy of his first printed book; but while he was writing *The Children of the Ghetto* the manuscript turned up, and he took from it the description of market day in Jewry which appears in that volume.

❀

The first book to which Mr. Zangwill attached his name was *The Bachelors' Club*. The book was secured by the publishers as soon as read, and Mr.

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Zangwill declares that he has never published a line anywhere since then that has not been purchased before it was written. Yet he does not seem to think much of what he has attained, which he satirises as "a fame infinitely less widespread than a prize fighter's, and a pecuniary position which you might with far less trouble have been born to!" If some wily editor were to extract from Mr. Zangwill a description of "my first book," it would in all probability be a romance of school life in two volumes, which at the age of ten he wrote in a couple of exercise books. "I shall always remember that story," he says, "because, after making the tour of the class, it was returned to me with thanks, and a new first page, from which all my graces of style had evaporated." The criminal had lost a page, and rewritten it from memory! He pleaded that it was "better written," and that none of the facts had been omitted.

I Zangwill

❀

In answer to the question, put to him recently by a representative of *The Young Man* (London), "What do you think of the Jew in fiction?" Mr. Zangwill says: "There has been no true picture of the Jew in English literature. The Jew has not been represented in European fiction except by German novelists who dealt with the Ghetto life. Just a few touches in *Daniel Deronda* are accurate. The Jews as a rule have lived a sequestered life. They do not let the Christian into their family secrets. Just as in the East you cannot get into the family life and circle, you cannot get hold of their ideas if you are an outsider. Those Jews who were able to write were so afraid that they would be known as Jews that they never wrote of their own race. Disraeli does not seem to have known many Jews, he left the Jewish community so early." This opinion obviously ignores the searching picture given by the author of *Dr. Phillips*. Mr. Zangwill himself has done nothing in fiction for some time, but he has an interesting series of stories in view dealing with the old Ghettos of the East, and another long tale; but whether it will finally shape itself into a novel or a play he is not yet quite prepared to say.

❀

"Lucas Malet's" new novel, which has been in the publishers' hands for some time, is published at last by Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company, and the

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title originally proposed, *The Power of the Dog*, having been taken by another writer, has been changed to *The Carissima*. The book was written while

"LUCAS MALET."

Mrs. Harrison was ill, and was produced with great labour. Her euphonious *nom de guerre* was formed by the conjunction of the surnames of her maternal grandmother and a great-great-aunt. "These two women," she says, "having been exceptionally clever, I thought it was probably from them that the wits of the family came." In *The Wages of Sin* Mrs. Harrison says she depicted present-day life on the North Devon coast, as her father, Charles Kingsley, depicted it, as it was in the historic past. One has little difficulty in recognising Clovelly, where Mrs. Harrison lives, as "Beera Mills;" Hartland Point as "Buckland Head;" and Biddeford as "Yeomouth." By the way, it is time we had a new edition of *The Wages of Sin*, as it has been allowed to go out of print in spite of frequent demands for the book.

❀

Mrs. Harrison found it necessary while composing her new work to dictate most of it, and in speaking of this she says that her father dictated nearly all of his novels. She is not altogether sure that he would have cared about her working, as he held the old-fashioned and chivalrous notion that women should be treated *en princesse*, should be provided for, worked for, and not permitted to struggle with the world at first hand. Mrs. Harrison has very vivid recollections of her father. "My father was always so kind to us," she says. "I remember even now that when we were quite little we understood that he was writing books in the study and must on no account be disturbed by any noise. We were so fond of him that we made it quite a pleasure to keep quiet when we knew he was at work. I read largely, but in a desultory way; and I did not verify what I read, but simply asked my father questions instead of going to a dictionary or encyclopædia. My father was a fine scholar; he took a Double First at Cambridge; but he was not a pedantic scholar, as was Freeman on the one hand, or Newman on the other. He saw things from the poetic and romantic, rather than the purely scholastic point of view. Then those brilliant Saturday-to-Monday visitors! We children were allowed to go in for dessert, and I can remember now the brilliant talk we heard from such men as Froude, Maurice, and so many other eminent men. Occasionally officers from Aldershot would be among the guests, including heroes of the Crimea and the Mutiny. When I was in India and saw the gates of Delhi, I could vividly recall the account which one of these men gave of its siege at the Eversley dinner-table."

❀

Mrs. F. A. Steel, whose Indian romance, *On the Face of the Waters*, has just been published by the Macmillan Company, has written a new story dealing entirely with the life of the early Hebrides in Scotland. She has accomplished the somewhat difficult task of writing a Scotch story which has very little Scotch in it. It is in striking contrast to her picturesque and thrilling drama of the Indian mutiny, which she believes to be her highest achievement, but the later story will be welcomed by all who appreciated *Red Rowans*.

❀

The Macmillan Company have just published a remarkable story of the life and exploits of a Yankee sailor, under

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the briny title *On Many Seas*. It is remarkable for several reasons, not the least being that it is a true and unvarnished account, and goes to prove the accuracy of the old-time adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." And yet it must be said that while one is reading one is more impressed by its record of adventure than by the fact that it is autobiography, which is a tribute to the writer's art of telling a story. The author, whose portrait is herewith given, is Mr. Herbert E. Hamblen, although his name is given on the title-page as Frederick Benton Williams, and is now an engineer in the city employ. He is a man of sturdy physique, and, as his face shows, of great force of character and tremendous energy. He was born at Lovell, Me., forty-seven years ago, and comes of a good New England stock, the name Hamblen being well known in his native place. He received a fair education before he left home and took to the sea, and all his life he has been a great reader, especially of solid and serious literature—he has little patience, we understand, with love-stories.

❀

The circumstances under which Mr. Hamblen came to write are interesting, and explain the statement on the title-page, "Edited by his friend, William Stone Booth." Mr. Booth is librarian of the Webster Free Library at the foot of East Seventy-sixth Street, which is a resort for men of the working classes, who find relief from the toil and grime of the day in the quiet precincts of the library. Here Mr. Hamblen was in the habit of coming in the evenings, and being an old sailor and fond of spinning yarns, an intimacy sprang up between him and the librarian which ripened into friendship. Mr. Booth made the remark to him one evening, after listening to some of his stories, "Why don't you write out some of your adventures?" little thinking that the result would take the concrete form it has in the book now before us. Shortly afterward Mr. Hamblen handed Mr. Booth about fifty pages of closely written manuscript on foolscap paper, and written with a pencil. Mr. Booth, upon reading the manuscript, recognised at once the simplicity and charm of the narrative, and urged him to go on. This he did, and Mr. Booth is anxious to have it understood that the book as it now appears is entirely as it came from the author's hands, and that his task as editor has been confined to cutting out some yarns

Yours Fraternally
H. E. Hamblen

which, however suitable to the leisure of the forecastle, would have taken up too much space in print. It is, as he says, a plain story of a plain man, told in his own words, but the main thing that concerns us is that he has a story to tell, and we know how "an honest tale speeds best for being plainly told." Nevertheless the thanks of the reader will be due to Mr. Booth for his discovery and for his enterprise and kindness in seeing the work through the press. The publishers are sanguine of its success, and we have no doubt that the interest which the book is sure to arouse will justify them. It may be interesting to know that most of the book was written during Mr. Hamblen's working hours while on night shift after he had looked to the engines. We understand that the editors of *McClure's Magazine* have commissioned him to write some stories for them.

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Washington Irving

Sunnyside Dec^r 15^th 1851

AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

I.—Washington Irving.

A British matron and ner daughter are said to have been seen sixty or seventy years ago in an Italian gallery pausing before a bust of Washington. "Mother, who was Washington?" asked the girl. "Why, my dear, don't you know?" answered the horrified parent; "he wrote the *Sketch-Book*." Whatever confusion was in her mind, it is true that just as clearly as the general was the Father of his Country in affairs of State, his biographer held the same place in the field of letters. Before him no American, with the exception of the forgotten novelist, Charles Brockden Brown, had made literature a profes-

Note.—The above portrait is from a steel engraving of Irving at 67, by Charles Martin, published in the *Life and Letters*, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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sion. Writers there had been by the score, and good writers, as names like those of Franklin and Hamilton cry out; but they were writers after they were something else. It remained for Washington Irving to become the first American man of letters known as such the world over.

A house in William Street, New York, was Irving's birthplace, on April 3d, 1783. The British were soon to evacuate the city, and Washington to take possession of it. Mrs. Irving, a warm-hearted woman of English birth, and an ardent patriot of the new land, said, "Washington's work is ended, and the child shall be named after him." The child was still in the care of a Scotch nurse when one day she saw the President, as Washington then was, enter a shop, and after him she went. "Please, your Honour," said she, "here's a bairn was named after you." The President laid his hand on the boy's head, and gave him a blessing, which he never forgot.

WASHINGTON IRVING AT 22.

From Vanderlyn's portrait. *Life and Letters*, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The family into which Irving was born would be called large to-day, since he was an eighth son, and the youngest of eleven children, all but three of whom grew up. The father was Scotch, of excellent descent, and a Presbyterian of the sterner type. It did not take Irving long to unlearn the lesson of his youth, that everything pleasant was wicked; yet he never replaced it with the converse belief. "O Washington, if you were only good!" his mother exclaimed to him one day. Lacking sympathy with his father's religious views, he yet had goodness enough to betake himself independently to Trinity Church, and to be confirmed in the faith of his mother's earlier days. He possessed, too, enough of another spirit, to slip away, whenever he could afford it, to the forbidden play-house, returning home at nine for family prayers, after which he would go promptly to his room, not to sleep, but to climb out of a window and be back at the theatre in time for the after-piece.

The person who objected to the sight of brethren dwelling together in unity, because it was much less entertaining than that of brothers who quarrel, would have been disappointed in the Irving family. As Washington Irving approached manhood, after a desultory schooling, which ended when he was sixteen, his share in literary undertakings with his older brothers was one of the first outward signs of a devoted intimacy which only death could end. One of the older brothers, Peter, a graduate of Columbia College—as Irving would probably have been if he had given promise of any fondness for methodical study—established a newspaper, the *Morning Chronicle*, and to this the author contributed his first literary productions, a series of letters signed "Jonathan Oldstyle." They were sprightly and clever enough—mainly in their criticism of plays and players—to set people talking, and to win for the boy of nineteen a small fame even outside his native city.

How came he by the power to make himself felt at so early a day? Not

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MATILDA HOFFMAN,

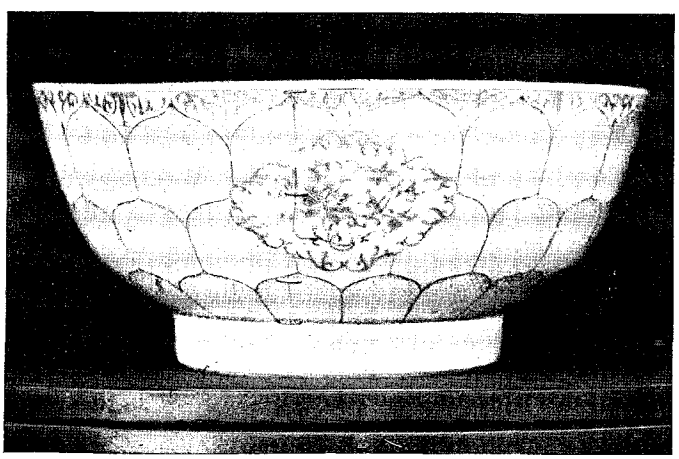
TO WHOM IRVING WAS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

From *Life and Letters*, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

through his masters at school surely, but by his own way of cultivating a strong native gift. When he was placed in a lawyer's office at sixteen, his reading was far less in law than in letters—for he drank deep of the English classics, even in "office hours"—and his writing was more for the expression of himself than for the wisdom of the profession he never followed. There were rambles afield, moreover, in these days into the Sleepy Hollow region, and farther up the Hudson, and nearer home. The quick eye and the ready mind got their full share of training from these many days *sine libro*.

It may have been his delicate health that made him but an indifferent student. It was certainly to this and to his brothers' generous care of him that he owed his first trip to Europe, in 1804, for the captain of the ship sailing for Bordeaux ominously remarked, as Irving stepped over the rail, "There's a chap who will go overboard before we get across." On the contrary, he came back vastly stronger early in 1806, and with an horizon widened by the many opportunities of which he had availed himself for seeing stimulating people and things.

The New York to which Irving returned, "the gamesome city of the Manhattoes," as he liked to call it, had grown from the Dutch town of 20,000 inhabitants, in which he was born, to a gay little city of 80,000 souls. The region between Wall Street and the Battery was still the fashionable part of town, and into the life of this little world the clever and handsome youth entered with all spirit. Of law, again, he read enough to be admitted to the bar, but society for a time was the most engrossing interest of his life. One has but to look at Vanderlyn's sketch of him as he appeared in 1805 to understand why a young man who added wit, good feeling, and gallantry to the charm of such a person found all the doors that he had time to enter open to him, not only in New York, but at Ballston Spa, the summer resort of fashion early in the century, and in Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore. One is not sorry to find a trace of the dandy in young Irving, or to read in a letter to his brother Peter in England, before this period was passed, "Send me out a handsome coat, but not with a waist as long as a turnspit's." Then besides he would have "a waistcoat or two of fashionable kind, and anything that your fancy may suggest."



"COCKLOFT HALL" PUNCH-BOWL.

From a photograph of the punch-bowl at Gouverneur Kemble's place, Mount Pleasant, near Newark, N. J., called "Cockloft Hall" in "Salmagundi."

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FROM A SKETCH OF IRVING AT 25, BY JARVIS.

Now first published through the kindness of Mr. J. K. Paulding. Photographed by Anderström, Bristol, R. I.

There are ample reasons for believing that the young women of his day believed him quite as fascinating a blade as he would have had himself appear.

With the gayer young men of the town, too, he played a spirited part. "The Nine Worthies" and "The Lads of Kilkenny" were the names under which a group of them met and dined and frolicked. Most of these Worthies attained distinction of one sort and another in their later years, and the conscience of the day suffered no great shock from their convivial doings. A story is gaily told of one of them returning alone from a dinner, and falling through a grating in the sidewalk. He could not get out, and feared an ill night of it; but one by one the rest of the party which he had left fell into the same pit, and there they spent the remainder of the night happily together. On another occasion a policeman thought he had identified one of the Worthies by the hat he wore, and taking him to his lodgings was persuaded with difficulty that the body was that of another member of the company. Their gaiety was not confined to the town, but at a country-place on the Passaic, which figures in *Salmagundi* as Cockloft Hall, they spent many merry days and nights. It would be utterly unfair to leave the impression that Irving and his fellows were a bad lot. They were nothing of the sort; in an age when pleasures of a

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certain kind were followed more frankly than in our generation, they were merely like other high-spirited young fellows of their world.

It was characteristic of nearly all the work of Irving's pen that it reflected truthfully some phase of his life; and it is worth remarking that his first work, which is still sometimes read, could never have been but for the somewhat butterfly existence of these early days. In January, 1807, appeared the first number of *Salmagundi*, a periodical conducted by Irving, his older brother William, and James Kirke Paulding, who, besides attaining honour as a writer as time went on, became Secretary of the Navy, and—how many remember it to-day?—provided the world with the rhyme of "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." These three young editors began their career with the announcement: "Our intention is simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age; this is an arduous task, and therefore we undertake it with confidence." Their small sheet, with yellow covers, was issued by an eccentric publisher, Longworth, the front of whose house was almost entirely hidden by a huge painting of the crowning of Shakespeare. It appeared every fortnight, maintaining to the end a humorous disregard of profit and the public, and with perfect nonchalance ceased to be after twenty numbers had securely established its success. In later years Irving put a slight value upon his contributions to *Salmagundi*, but in them, as in the work of the other editors, it is impossible to ignore a sprightly cleverness and a reproduction of the colour and foibles of society, so convincingly faithful as to have a positive historic value. It was eminently a New York publication, even to the indulgence of the now time-honoured flings at Philadelphia and its people. One chief interest in Irving's work for it, which is easily picked out, lies in the detection of the first notes in the many keys to which his more practised voice was to be set.

Directly due to his surroundings, also, was Irving's next piece of work, *Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York*. He began it with his brother Peter as a satire upon a serious history of New York, which had just been published; and when Peter was called abroad Irving had his own will in making it just what it is—a masterpiece in the humour of the day which begot it. There is no need of dwelling upon its qualities, but when we call our own day the day of clever advertising, it is well to remember the heralding of the Knickerbocker history. The grave communications to the *Evening Post*, beginning six weeks before the book appeared, about an old Diedrich Knickerbocker who had strayed from New York without paying for his lodgings, about his having been seen on the way to Albany, and the landlord's final decision to print a manuscript which the old man left behind, and to apply the proceeds to the unpaid bill—all these would be worth transcribing in full were they not included in the later editions of the book. Besides almost leading a city official to offer a reward for the missing Diedrich, they served an excellent purpose in stirring up curiosity, which the book appeased to the satisfaction of all but the representatives of the families which ever since have gone by the name of Knickerbocker. One can see readily now why their ancestral pride must have been touched at first. They could not possibly have foreseen then that banks, clubs, buildings, manufactories, and enterprises of every sort would one day be named for their forefathers because of this very book, and that the young author who had hurt their feelings was the creator of the whole Knickerbocker background before which modern New York is very glad to stand.

While he was at work upon the last part of the Knickerbocker History, the great sorrow of Irving's life befell him. Miss Matilda Hoffman, to whom he was engaged to be married, died after a brief illness. George William Curtis once described Irving's life as "a life without events, or only the events of all our lives, except that it lacks the great event of marriage." The death which caused this lack, though it did not rob him of the courage to finish his humorous production, drove him for a time from all society, and made an impression upon his spirit which his whole subsequent life of activity never quite removed. It is by no means certain that as the years went by he never thought again of marriage for himself. Indeed, one is inclined to believe that

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Launcelot Langstaff, esq.

FRONTISPIECE TO THE FIRST NUMBER OF "SALMAGUNDI."

From a photograph by L. L. Anderström.

at Dresden, in 1823, if all the circumstances had been propitious, he would have married an English girl with whom and whose family he had formed a tender intimacy. But when he died an old man, a lock to which he himself had always kept the key was found to guard a braid of hair and a beautiful miniature, with a slip of paper marked in his own handwriting, "Matilda Hoffman." No less faithfully had he kept her Bible and Prayer-Book throughout his life. Who shall say that the cherishing of such a memory as this did not find its direct expression in the gentle chivalry with which he bore himself towards all women as a writer and as a man?

Even before Miss Hoffman's death Irving had been in doubts about the career best suited to his talents; and the dejection into which he fell at once did not help his decision. The law held his interest but slightly. The editing of a magazine, which he undertook in Philadelphia, was distasteful to him, both because of his tender heart in criticism and because of the necessity for systematic work. "Ah," he said, once in later life, "don't talk to me of system; I never had any. . . . I have, it is true, my little budgets of notes—some tied one way, some another—and which when I need, I think I come upon in my pigeon-holes by a sort of instinct. That is all there is of it." But though the magazine did not please him, and he dropped it at the beginning of 1815, it kept his restless feet somewhat in the path of letters.

The War of 1812 had stirred Irving's patriotism, and was responsible for his bearing for a time the title of colonel, as an aid to Governor Tompkins of New York. When the peace was reached Irving, always ready for an expedition, was on the very point of sailing with Decatur to the Algerian coast, but changing his plan almost at the last moment, yet unwilling to give up the journey abroad, he sailed instead for Liverpool to join his brother Peter in the conduct of the English branch of the commercial house on which their fortunes depended. It was seventeen years later, in 1832, that he set foot again on American soil.

SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez.
Fee. faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broil'd, and stew'd, and toasted.
And fried, and boil'd, and smok'd, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. VIII.] *Saturday, April* 18, 1807.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee—nor without thee."

"NEVER, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has there been known a more backward spring." This is the universal remark among the almanac quidnuncs, and weather wiseacres of the day; and I have heard it at least fifty-five times from old mrs. Cockloft, who, poor woman, is one of those walking almanacs that foretel every snow, rain, or frost by the shooting of corns, a pain in the bones, or an "ugly stitch in the side." I do not recollect, in the whole course of my life, to have seen the month of March indulge in such untoward capers, caprices and coquetries as it has done this year: I might have forgiven these vagaries, had they not completely knocked up my friend Langstaff,

FAC-SIMILE PAGE OF "SALMAGUNDI" AS IT ORIGINALLY APPEARED.

Photographed by L. L. Anderström.

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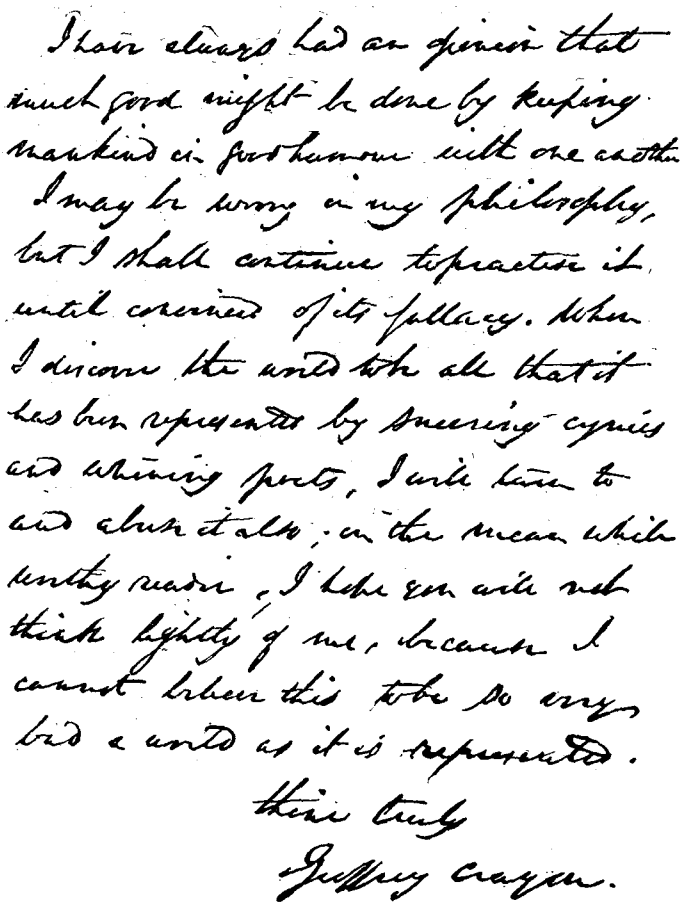

I have always had an opinion that much good might be done by keeping mankind in good humour with one another. I may be wrong in my philosophy, but I shall continue to practise it, until convinced of its fallacy. When I discover the world with all that it has been represented by sneering cynics and whining poets, I will turn to and abuse it also; in the mean while worthy reader, I beg you will not think lightly of me, because I cannot believe this globe to be so very bad a world as it is represented.

Your truly

Geoffrey Crayon.

FAC-SIMILE AUTOGRAPH PAGE FROM THE MS. OF "BRACEBRIDGE HALL."

This autograph with its very characteristic words (referred to on p. 524) from the last page of Irving's Introduction, is unique in that it gives the signature of Geoffrey Crayon in Irving's handwriting.

From *Autograph Leaves of Our Country's Authors*. Baltimore, Cushings & Bailey, 1864.

One of the stock objections to Irving, urged even by English critics, is that his books are more English than American. As early as in the days of *Salmagundi* he had shown, as he was always to show, how much his habit of mind and expression owed to Addison, Steele, and other models of our common tongue. At heart, moreover, Irving was a Tory, a Conservative. His very nature felt a kinship with whatever was long established and mellowed by centuries of tradition. The facts that he spent much time in the family of a married sister in England, and through his talents and graces soon found himself welcomed to the inner life of many other English houses, must have contributed to his sympathy with the scenes with which he was to become so familiar. But there is no need of framing a defence for such an attitude. "What, pray, if the hero of Bracebridge Hall be own cousin to Sir Roger de Coverley?" Ik Marvel once asked. "Is that a relationship to be discarded?" Surely not, and no less surely did our country and England, in a time when the press of both lands kept the mutual feeling of animosity at a high tension, owe to Irving a better understanding of each other and a truer recognition of the good to be found on both sides of the water. It was Thackeray who called him "the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old." Irving's own explanation of the English interest in him was this: "I was looked upon as something new and strange in literature; a kind of demi-savage, with a feather in his hand instead of on his head; and there was curiosity to hear what such a being had to say about civilised society."

This curiosity did not exist at once. When he came to England he was comparatively unknown. Scott, to be sure, had read what he called "the most excellently jocose history of New York," and had thoroughly enjoyed it. But Irving had no general fame, and for several years had no opportunity of creating it. The uncongenial business which had brought him to Liverpool took most of his time, and to no avail, for in 1818 the enterprise proved itself

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FROM G. S. NEWTON'S PAINTING, "THE DULL LECTURE," FOR WHICH IRVING WROTE SOME VERSES.*

Reproduced from the original in the Lenox Library.

a failure. It was this event which made it a necessity for Irving to look upon literature as a means of support more than of recreation. He ceased to be merely the ornamental member of his family, and as time went on took upon himself the care of those who had cared for him. A more winning picture of brotherly sympathy and a generosity in which largeness and delicacy were combined could hardly be found than that which the correspondence between Irving and his brother Peter, never strong after the Liverpool failure, revealed. Be it said that the success which Irving was not slow in reaching when once he set about to attain it rendered him abundantly able to do for others besides himself.

It was the *Sketch-Book*, published in parts in America in 1819, when Irving was thirty-six, that told all English-speaking readers of a new writer that must be recognised. The book was vastly successful at home, and when Irving found its portions copied in English prints, he saw the necessity of publishing it in England. Murray, "the prince of publishers," declined at first to take it, employing a formula of considerate rejection which the modern publisher has not learned to improve upon: "Because I do not see that scope in the nature of it which would enable me to make those satisfactory accounts between us, without which I really feel no satisfaction in engaging." Accordingly Irving decided to print the book at his own risk in England; but the printer failed soon after the book appeared,

* These are the verses:

"Frostie age, frostie age,
Vain all thy learning;
Drowsie page, drowsie page
Ever more turning.

"Young head no lore will heed,
Young heart's a reckless rover,
Young beauty, while you read,
Sleeping dreams of absent lover."

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whereupon Murray was only too glad to take the *Sketch-Book* into his own hands. From this time on he was Irving's English publisher, and so liberal were his dealings throughout their intercourse, that one may well believe with Murray's biographer, that the writer had far more profit from his books than the publisher—no common circumstance in those or later days.

IRVING AT 26.

From Jarvis's portrait. *Life and Letters*, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It would be tedious to chronicle with precision the completion from time to time of Irving's other books. When the sun has risen above the early morning sky we are content to let it shine away without our close scrutiny. One could not follow Irving's work, however, without noticing how one phase of its early character is continued, how it constantly reflects the circumstances of his life. As a wanderer about England and the Continent, he turns a quick eye upon social life, marks the pathetic and humorous scenes about him, and tells us all he sees in books like *Bracebridge Hall* and *Tales of a Traveller*. He goes to Spain to investigate some special documents concerning Columbus, and the result is not only a body of historical work beyond his own expectations, but the drawing of many small pictures, distinctively Geoffrey Crayon's, like those which figure in *The Alhambra*. It is hard to think of another writer who has put so much of his own personality and daily existence into his books as Irving. One reads his *Life and Letters* only to become better acquainted with the genial, sympathetic, good friend one has come to know in his works. He might have been writing truthfully of himself when he wrote of Goldsmith: "Few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings."

It is in the record of his friendships abroad and at home that one comes, perhaps, most nearly to the man himself. He looked upon the world and people with a smiling face, and so, for the most part, they looked back at him. "Ah, God bless your merry face!" said an Irish beggarwoman to him one day, as he walked along the street enjoying the memory of one of his own jokes, "surely you're not the man will refuse a poor woman a *sixpence?*" A guinea was the smallest coin he had in his pocket, and he gave it to her. Much of his philosophy of life is contained in the passage in Irving's handwriting, which the reader can easily make out here for himself. Early in his English life he meets with Scott, who promptly thanks "Tom" Campbell "for making me known to Mr. Washington Irving, who is one of the best and pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day." Of Scott in return Irving says: "He is a man that, if you knew, you would love; a right honest-hearted, generous-spirited being." Again he calls him "a sterling golden-hearted old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth. He meets with Moore, and cares so great-

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SUNNYSIDE, IRVING'S HOME ON THE HUDSON.

From *Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors*, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ly for him as even to admire poetry which he had previously condemned—no marvellous change, by the way, when friendship and criticism become intermingled. Nor was he totally blind to the weaknesses of his friends. With the highest regard for the aged Samuel Rogers, he could yet make the shrewd observation in a letter: "I dined *tête-à-tête* with him some time since, and he served up his friends as he served up his fish, with a squeeze of lemon over each. It was very piquant, but it rather set my teeth on edge."

With the painters Leslie and Gilbert Stuart Newton it was inevitable that Geoffrey Crayon should have felt a close kinship. On the basis of his intimacy with each, and of the sort of figure painting which occupied all three, it were no unworthy task for the proper person to tell us something of the art which appealed most strongly to the taste of the twenties and thirties, and to speculate on the different employment which the brushes and pen of three such friends would find for themselves at this our end of the century.

One should not bring Irving back from his English friendships without repeating the classic story of the origin of Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*. If report be true, it was to Irving that Scott owed his idea of this character. Miss Rebecca Gratz, of Philadelphia, had been one of Miss Hoffman's dearest friends, and was with her to the end of her fatal illness. Irving's account of the beautiful American Jewess, full of devotion to the faith of her fathers, is said to have given Scott the original of the very person that was needed in his tale.

We cannot follow Irving through his busy sojourn in Spain, his service as Secretary of the American Legation in London, his receiving of an honorary degree at Oxford, where the undergraduates, hailing him as Diedrich Knickerbocker and Rip Van Winkle, gave him a reception very like that which Dr. Holmes, amid inquiries about the One Hoss Shay, received more than half a century later. It was after all these experiences, in 1832, that he returned to New York, having meanwhile declined official posts at home because of his certainty that the life in Europe would be the best he could live for the exercise and development of his own gifts. Homesick he had often been, and always unfalteringly an American at heart. The town he had left he found grown in seventeen years almost beyond recognition. His countrymen's appreciation of him had grown in equal measure. A great banquet of welcome celebrated

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his return. "I am asked how long I mean to remain here," he said at the end of his speech at the dinner. "They know but little of my heart or my feelings who can ask me this question. I answer, As long as I live."

Except for his return to Spain as American Minister, from 1842 to 1846, this is what he did, and it appears that he would not have left his home then but for an impelling sense of duty and the hope for leisure at Madrid to work upon his *Life of Washington*. He had established himself, in 1835, at Wolfert's Roost, an old Dutch house on the Hudson, in the place now known as Irvington, and here, until the end of his life, his affections were centred. An architect extended the cottage, till under its name of "Sunnyside" it bore the look of an English country-house. Ivy from Melrose Abbey soon covered its walls, and old Dutch weather-cocks, one from the Stadt-house of New Amsterdam, surmounted its roofs. When Philip Hone first saw the house it was a modest affair in comparison with other country-places near it; "only one story high," his Diary tells us; "but the admirers of the gentle Geoffrey think, no doubt, that one *story* of his is worth more than half a dozen of other people's." Like Scott, Irving took the greatest pleasure in beautifying and enlarging his establishment, though, unlike the master of Abbotsford, he had the wisdom not to spend vast sums in such enterprises before they were earned. Within, the house was brightened by the constant presence of his nieces and his brother Ebenezer, and their loving service each for the other.

The Western travels, of which *A Tour on the Prairies* preserves the record, took place before the settlement at Sunnyside, but it was not in nature for one who had led Irving's life to retire wholly into rusticity. We find him making frequent visits to New York, for the play, for music, of both of which he was heartily fond. Public appearances he shunned, yet when Dickens came to New York in 1842 Irving could not escape presiding at the great dinner in his honour. They had already become friends through correspondence, for Irving's delight in Little Nell had to be expressed in a letter to the author, and Dickens in his enthusiastic response had said: "*Diedrich Knickerbocker* I have worn to death in my pocket, and yet I should show you his mutilated carcass with a joy past all expression." The night of the public dinner came, and Irving's dread of the introductory speech kept him murmuring throughout the repast, "I shall certainly break down."

IRVING AT 52.

From a steel engraving of the Bust by Ball Hughes, in *Life and Letters*, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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At the proper time he rose to his feet, began bravely, but could utter only a few sentences, and ended by taking refuge in the announcement of the toast, "Charles Dickens, the guest of the nation." The applause was generous, and as Irving took his seat, "There," he said, "I told you I should break down, and I have done it."

Going beyond New York, he was sometimes to be found in Baltimore, Washington, and other places. Another fragment of Philip Hone's Diary, after he had seen Irving at a levee of President Tyler's, where Dickens was also present, shows clearly enough in what esteem his countrymen held him :

"As far as I could judge, Irving outbozzed Boz. He collected a crowd around him ; the men pressed on to shake his hand, and the women to touch the hem of his garment. Somebody told me that they saw a woman put on his hat, in order, as she told her companion, to say that she had worn Washington Irving's hat. All this was 'fun to them,' but death to poor Irving, who has no relish for this sort of glorification, and has less tact than any man living to get along with it decently."

It is not the Irving of Washington and Madrid that one likes best to look back upon through his declining years, but the Irving of Sunnyside. Here he was at his best, declaring that no period of his life had been so full of satisfaction to him, working through the mornings, and when his work was done entering with zest into the pleasures of his family and their neighbours. It seems that he was accessible even to bores, and during his last illness, a few months before its end, could not refuse the importunity of an autograph hunter. He was too unwell at the time to write his name, but promised to forward it by mail. The stranger then inquired what the charge would be, saying, "It is a principle with me always to pay for such things." "It is a principle with me," replied Irving, with a sharpness of which we are glad for once to read, "never to take pay !"

The work of his last years, the *Life of Washington*, of which he was unable to correct the final pages of proof, had been suggested to him as early as 1825 by the publisher Constable. From time to time he had had to postpone his work upon it, and the opportunity might never have come if he had carried out a purpose, long cherished, to tell the story of the "Conquest of Mexico." But in 1838 he found that Prescott was at work upon the same theme, and at no little sacrifice of desire and accomplished work turned the whole subject over to the younger writer.

It was on November 28th, 1859, when Irving was seventy-six years old, that his death came. He had been in poor health for some months, suffering much from sleeplessness and a shortness of breath, but at the last a weakness of the heart brought the sudden end. Lacking to-day a man of letters who holds such a place in the affections of his countrymen as Irving held, it is difficult for us to realise the impression made by his death. It was as if a President or a great soldier had died in these later years. Flags on shipping and buildings in New York flew at half-mast, and the Mayor and Council recognised the event as a public grief. A multitude of people bore witness to their own sense of loss at the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. The day of the funeral, December 1st, had the fullest beauty and suggestion of Indian summer—"one of his own days," the people said. It is to Longfellow,

"No singer vast of voice ; yet one who leaves
His native air the sweeter for his song,"

that we instinctively turn for the words :

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN.

Here lies the gentle humourist, who died
In the bright Indian summer of his fame !
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting-place beside
The river that he loved and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his ; how sweet a death !
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer ;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

Since his death there has been time to see Washington Irving and the heritage he left our letters in the perspective of distance. Of the tangible debts we owe him, the "Knickerbocker idea" has been mentioned in its place. Shall we not also render him thanks, with Joseph Jefferson as a fellow-creator, for our national possession of Rip Van Winkle ? Mr. Jefferson in his charming autobiography tells us how the play, as we now have it, came into being ; and

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of course Irving, in his narrative, stands behind it all. How real a creature Rip has become appears in Jefferson's story of the negro waiter at the Catskill Hotel, who pointed him out to an incredulous visitor with "Dat's de man," as the very person who had slept twenty years; how the author and the actor are mingled in the popular imagination we see in the anecdote of Jefferson's introduction to the Rip Van Winkle Club, of Catskill, by its agitated president as "Mr. Washington Irving." To have been responsible primarily both for the Knickerbockers and for Rip Van Winkle constitutes an achievement in American letters which it would be hard to parallel.

Whether a large quantity of his work will go down to later posterity in any living sense, the critic of to-day would assert with less confidence than Irving's contemporaries were wont to feel. The fashions in sentiment, humour, and the telling of fact and fiction change, like clothes, with the years. The works of the pen possessing that broad quality which is above fashions are but few; and even under the great names in letters rigorous selection from a thousand pages sometimes leaves but a few that really live. The critic who would deny that these few pages are not to be found in Irving would himself be hard to find. Exactly which are these pages? Ah, the days of the prophets are past!

But though fashions change in books, in men they are invariable. Whether such a one as Irving had lived before we had a country, or should present himself to a generation yet unborn, he would still be one of those whom the world must love. He was beyond all things else a gentleman, with the best qualities of that undying race. If it is necessary to enumerate and explain them now, this writing will have been in vain. The poets, after all, are the men who sum up the truth, and these lines from the "Fable for Critics" cannot be repeated too often:

"To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in *all* of Addison, *minus* the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good will,
Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er as a spell,
The fine *old* English Gentleman, simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain,
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm, lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee—just Irving."

We did not select the Father of our Country, but Washington has pleased us well; neither did we choose our first American man of letters, but had this opportunity been granted, we could hardly have done better than to select —"just Irving."

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

The subject of the second paper in the series of "American Bookmen" will be "J. Fenimore Cooper." It will appear in the March number.

LOVE'S CUP.

Life's richest cup is Love's to fill.
  Who drinks, if deep the draught shall be,
Knows all the rapture of the hill,
  Blent with the heart-break of the sea.

Ah, drooping wings that trail the ground,
  Ah, sudden flights to worlds above,
Ah, thorns, among the roses bound
  About the brows of those who love!

Robert Cameron Rogers.

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LIVING CRITICS.

XII.—WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Of the eleven writers who have already been considered in this series of appreciations, it may fairly be asserted that each is, above all else, a critic of literature; for whatever else they may have done, it is as literary critics that the reading world insists upon regarding them. One finds it quite impossible, however, to narrow his consideration of the work of Mr. Howells in such a way as this. Mr. Howells, to be sure, as well as they, is a critic of literature in many of its forms, and he is a very searching and suggestive critic, too; but one cannot even touch upon his literary criticism without feeling that it is in reality only a part, and a comparatively unimportant part, of his wider criticism of life; and that the same is true of every other phase of his intellectual activity when regarded separately and alone. Mr. Henry James, no doubt, is also in a way a critic of life; but his little corner of observation is so very little, his lenses are so carefully adjusted to one particular focus, and his instrument is so obviously an opera-glass and not a telescope, as to make his books the impressions of a first-nighter rather than the accurate and cosmic view of a sociological astronomer. Mr. Howells, on the other hand, has swept the whole horizon of his time; and it is not, therefore, merely as an essayist or as a novelist or as a poet that we must consider him, but as one who in his criticism and his fiction and his poetry alike has set before himself the task of picturing the life of his own age and of analysing its spirit and its tendencies.

It is, of course, in fiction that his work has been most fully carried out; and, therefore, chiefly from his fiction one obtains the truest insight into all his intellectual processes, and the best examples also of his critical felicities and his fundamental limitations. The circumstance that fiction is his chosen field of effort gives the subject a peculiar interest, because it involves a glance at the question of the American novel—the question whether there has yet been written, or whether there is ever to be written a kind of fiction that Americans shall recognise as essentially national, not only in its theme and colour, but in its external form and literary technique.

Now, as to the American novel when regarded from one point of view, we cannot help agreeing on the whole with Mr. Rollo Ogden's witty and, in the main, most sensible contentions. It is, indeed, absurd to suppose that, after all the centuries of creation and experiment that lie between Parthenius and Rudyard Kipling, we are going to witness the evolution of some new and striking literary manner, some principle of constructive art that no one has hitherto perceived, some tremendous *epochmachend* discovery that shall do for fiction what steam and electricity have done for mechanics, and that shall subtly harmonise with the material bigness and boisterousness of our native land. This vaguely fascinating dream has not, however, been altogether valueless. It has given the young brood of magazine-writers a theme of perennial interest over which they can moult their literary pin-feathers at twenty dollars a page, and it has provided the American public with a pleasant if evanescent sensation about once in every six months; for at intervals of just about this length the joyous announcement has gone forth that now at last *the* American Novel has been written: and then the literary tom-toms have been violently beaten, and every one in the Literary Shop has whooped it up so long as people could be induced to listen to the row, and until they have gone back again to the reading of English novels that are not constructed on a scientific theory or from patriotic motives, but are simply good, strong specimens of writing that grip the reader's attention and make him willing and even eager to part with his money for more of the same sort.

Therefore, in this sense of the word, we are not looking for an American novel as distinct from an English or a French or a Scandinavian or an Italian or a Græco-Roman novel. We think that the resources of fiction-writing are just as thoroughly well known as they

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ever will be ; that all the appliances of the art have been discovered and tested long ago ; that no amount of taking thought will add a single item to the technical equipment which is at the service of every novelist to-day ; and that whenever a really great novel is produced, it is great because of the man behind the book and not because of any fine-spun theory which the book itself exemplifies. A heaven-born artist does not spend the best years of his life in hunting up new colours for his palette. It is only a servant-maid who makes a poor pen an excuse for her bad spelling. And so in fiction-writing, if the *vivida vis* inflames the writer, it doesn't make the slightest difference whether he is an Idealist or a Romanticist or a Realist or a Naturalist or a Symbolist or a Sensitivist or a happy combination of all six. If he has it in him to write an immortal novel he will write it, and that is all there is to it.

Nevertheless, from another point of view, one may truly speak of the American Novel as a thing apart, because of the great difficulty in the conditions that attend its successful composition. The American Novel, as we understand it, is not to be a novel constructed on hitherto unheard-of lines, or by some new formula thoughtfully evolved by American writers ; but a novel that shall give an adequate and accurate delineation of the life that is lived only in this huge, loose-hung, colossus of a country—a kind of life to which the history of the world affords no parallel whatever. When the Englishman or when the Frenchman sits down to write a novel, he has no difficulty in getting his social *mise en scène* to suit him ; he need not, in fact, give it any particular thought. The social system that he knows is one whose framework is definite, well ordered, compact, and perfectly intelligible even to the casual foreigner. Everything has its place ; everything is regulated and understood ; everything, in fact, is obvious and explicable. His background is, in a way, already filled in, and it is only figure-painting that he has to do.

But how strangely different is the case with one who seeks to fix upon his canvas a true impression of American life ! A vast kaleidoscopic mass of colour lies before him, shifting and changing with every touch, a society in a fluid state, heterogeneous, anomalous, bizarre, and shot all through with a million piquant incongruities. The boundless wealth and the squalid poverty, the splendour and the crudity, the magnificence and the cheapness, the recklessness and the conservatism, the cynicism and the faith, the intellectual keenness and the unspeakable fatuity, the strong common sense and the foolish gullibility, the defiant arrogance and the patient meekness, the commercial acuteness and the political stupidity—can any one bring out all these wonderful contrasts in the national character and yet preserve the slightest trace of verisimilitude and probability ? And the strange medley of humanity—the washerwoman of the diggings blossoming out into the *grande dame* who entertains kings and gives her daughters in marriage to princes, the young girl with her "chaste depravity," the emancipated woman, the canal-boy fighting his way to the headship of the nation, the keen-eyed business man who is to-day cornering the market and to-morrow haranguing the Senate and the day after bringing out an edition of a classic, the curious bits of foreign life and custom embedded in the midst of an Anglo-Saxon people, and underneath it all a great compact mass of strong and simple and conservative men and women, bearing up the rest and giving cohesion and stability to the whole structure. Any one can *tell* of all these things ; any one can sketch them separately and in detail ; but who is able and who will ever be able to give one luminous picture of them as a single entity, each in its true relation to the rest, with a sense of proportion and relativity, and in such a way as to make one see and feel the truth of it all ?

No such problem ever before confronted the novelist ; yet it is not until this problem has been solved that the American Novel in its largest sense will have an actual existence. To begin with, there is not even such a thing as an American type. There is a New England type, and there is a Southern type, and there is a Far Western type ; but even these are not perfectly defined, but shade off into each other with many an imperceptible *nuance*, while between them lie all sorts of individual and quite distinctive groups which an American easily recognises, even though he can-

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not so easily describe them. In no country in the world are there so many local points of difference; for not only are a Bostonian and a New Yorker and a Philadelphian and a Chicagoan and a San Franciscan essentially unlike, but there are distinctions quite as clearly though more subtly to be drawn between a Buffalonian and a Syracusan, between a Baltimorean and a Charlestonian, between a Peorian and a Topekan. These people do not even speak an absolutely identical language, but display such dialectic variations as make the difference of habitat immediately perceptible to the ear of a native. It is only the self-satisfied Englishman who ignores all these bewildering complications. He, of course, with the smug complacency of his kind, will talk with half a dozen Americans, read a few American newspapers, and then introduce into his next novel a "Yankee heiress" or a "Senator from Mikewa" with characteristics evolved from the writer's inner consciousness, and speaking a dialect the like of which was never heard from the mouth of any human being, but that is far more grotesque than if an American novelist should represent an Englishman speaking a blend of Cockney jargon, Dublin Irish, Yorkshire dialect, Welsh patois, and Lowland Scotch. Yet though foreigners do not understand the complicated difficulties that beset the one who tries to limn in a large way the life and attributes of the American people, our own writers are fully aware of them; and hence it is that they have given us, in the main, not the American Novel, but novels written in America, which is a very different thing. It is not likely that any better work will be done than much of that which already reveals some of the strange nooks and corners of American life. No one, for example, could show a subtler knowledge of New England than Miss Wilkins brings to her intensely vital delineations; no one will ever make us feel more intensely the spirit of the Northwest than Mr. Hamlin Garland does; no one will better draw the dull, raw life of the little towns of Central and Western New York than Mr. Harold Frederic; no one will have a fuller understanding of certain phases of existence in the American metropolis than has Mr. Brander Matthews. But who is to come forth equipped with the knowledge and the insight and the vivid power necessary to draw the picture as a whole, and with a master's touch to fling before us the great national cosmos in its entirety —vital, convincing, real?

But, says some one, there is Mr. Howells; and sure enough, if we grant that Mr. Howells has not succeeded in this task, then so far no one has succeeded. Indeed, we might say *a priori* that Mr. Howells is the one living writer who by the circumstances of training, experience, and exceptional gifts ought to grapple successfully with the difficulties that have proved insurmountable to so many others. Born in one of the Central Western States at a time when these were still in the making, his most impressionable years were spent amid influences that gave him at first-hand an intimate knowledge of American life in its evolutionary stage. In an intensely American community, among those who typified all the primitive American virtues of courage, industry, integrity, and thrift, he looked upon the nation-builders as they did their work, and drank in the subtlest understanding of that stratum of society which is the base of the whole gigantic system. And for his purpose it was lucky that he never had the academic training which, though it sharpens the critical powers, too often narrows the sympathies and deadens the creative faculty. He lived his early years as one of the people, as a printer, as a newspaper reporter, recording continually his impressions, learning the art of writing in a school that teaches clearness, vividness, and compression, and being all the time in touch with the multifarious types that daily flit before the keen eye of the American journalist. In 1860, with his appointment by President Lincoln as Consul to Venice, began the other side of his preliminary training. From the raw and unformed civilisation of the West he passed at once to an environment that was absolutely antithetical, to an atmosphere permeated with memories of old-time magnificence and eloquent of art—an atmosphere instinct with sensuous beauty, in which all sorts of exquisite half tints become perceptible, and in which the mind awakens to subtle meanings and delicate discriminations. This curious change from Columbus to the Canalazzo, from the Muskingum to the Mala-

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mocco, was of all things the most ideal as a phase in the training of the literary artist. It gave to him a wholly different point of view, a new standard of comparison, a sense of values and of proportion, and enabled him to see more clearly and with a true perspective the other life that he had left behind him. Returning to the United States, his experience was enlarged in still different surroundings when he took the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* and for many years made one of the set which in those days stood for all that was refined and cultivated in American letters. The circle of his experience was completed when he passed from Boston to New York and made his home in the cosmopolitan whirl of the American metropolis.

An experience and training such as this, the like of which is rare, indeed, could scarcely fail to give to its possessor a marvellous power, if coupled with the requisite natural gifts. And Mr. Howells has these gifts. A quick eye for what is striking in individuals or in life, a wonderful photographic instinct for detail, a shrewd insight into human motive, a truly American perception of the ludicrous, a natural gift of language, a talent for crystallising in a phrase or an epithet the essential attribute of any subject, a Frenchman's reverence for *le mot juste*—all these superimposed upon an experience so broad as to be national rather than sectional, and with the advantage of an international point of view, may surely warrant us in saying what has just been said: that if Mr. Howells has not written the American novel, then no one else as yet has written it. And, indeed, whether he has written it or not, he has at any rate received a reward commensurate with his native gifts and his exceptional endowment. He is to-day the most eminent of all living American men of letters. As a novelist he is one of the greatest that our country has yet produced. A new book from his pen is always regarded as an important literary event. His name is known and honoured wherever the English language is understood. But has he, as a matter of fact, succeeded at any time in writing the American Novel and not merely clever novels of American life written in America by an American?

It may perhaps at first sight seem fanciful, but there can really be little doubt that the limitations which have prevented Mr. Howells from attaining supreme success as a fiction-writer, and that have made his general theory of criticism and of life inadequate, are to be traced directly to certain circumstances which have already been narrated. The first is his long residence in Boston, and the second is his subsequent identification with New York. Naturally, a thesis such as this requires some specific elucidation and defence.

One of these days a work will, perhaps, be written upon the topographical aspects of literature, and in it at least one long chapter will have to be devoted to the influence of Boston upon American letters. Everybody knows what Boston is—one of the most interesting, and perhaps the most absolutely individual, of American cities. It has a distinctive character and a distinctive flavour that no one has ever failed to recognise. The character is decidedly pronounced, and the flavour is a little tart, with something of what the Boston dialect would describe as a "tang;" but both are wholesome and, in a way, agreeable. Boston shows us, in fact, almost the sole survival upon American soil of a purely English influence—an influence seen alike in the city's external appearance, in the temperament of its people, and in their intellectual characteristics. Yet this strong suggestion of England never recalls semi-cosmopolitan London with its multitudinous interests and its consciousness of contact with the whole wide world. It is rather a suggestion of Leicester mingled with Leeds and perhaps a dash of Edinburgh—in fact, of a community not directly in touch with anything beyond its own borders, but very self-centred and compact, and taken up wholly with its own concerns. Its colonialism stands out all over it with both the virtues and the defects of its quality. There is all the integrity of purpose, all the anxious uneasiness about "duty," the intense self-respect and self-reliance of the New Englander, the love of truth and justice, the independence and the rectitude; but there can be found also all the intolerance, all the narrowness, all the impenetrable complacency, and all the intellectual myopia of the provincial Englishman.

Charles Reade, in one of his novels,

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gives a series of maps to illustrate the point of view of the average English squire. His own county is first depicted in a large, clear map, with its smallest localities carefully noted ; a second map shows England as a whole, about half as large ; then in a third map, drawn very small, is displayed the rest of the world covering a space of about the size of one's thumbnail. Now this is precisely the way in which a true Bostonian would set forth respectively the town of Boston, the United States as a whole, and the rest of the world, if he were to express his real feelings in terms of comparative cartography ; and it simply means that Boston's true affinities are not at all with the great cities of the earth, but with the provincial English towns. It has their atmosphere to perfection ; so that although we know, as a matter of fact, that its customs are in reality those of the civilised world at large, one never meets a Boston man without a certain vague, yet irrepressible feeling that he probably dines at five o'clock in the afternoon, and has a sweet champagne served with the fish.

The truest expression of the Boston spirit in literature is undyingly preserved in the work of Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose claim to immortality is to be found above all in this, that he is the quintessence of Boston, which is in itself the quintessence of New England ; and both his foreign travel, and his belief in his own cosmopolitanism only serve to give a more striking background to his intense provincialism, and to enhance its piquant flavour. In his verse we find much less to make us think of Hippocrene than of the "kag" of cider. The poetic draught substitutes for the sparkle of the vintage of Champagne the nip of the ginger that gives life to the home-brewed switchel. It is not the poet of tradition who in Holmes appears to be singing to us, but more often the village bard, whose verses appear with beautiful regularity in the left-hand upper corner of the county newspaper, and who has his neat little copy of rhymes for every celebration, from the dinner of the village fire-company to the opening of the ladies' oyster-supper for the benefit of the Orthodox Church. In like manner, when we read certain passages of the *Autocrat*, we can shut our eyes and pass behind the ostensible personality of the author to his real prototype—the country smarty whose reputation as a funny fellow draws a group of admiring rustics about him as he sits on a cracker-barrel in the village "store" and emits his jokes, pausing only to refresh himself from a contiguous cheese, and to spit profusely upon the cast-iron stove. It may be frankly conceded that the wit is genuine, though suggesting Italian vinegar rather than Attic salt ; but it is intensely local, and its similes and metaphors all smack of the cider-mill, the quilting-bee, the town-meeting, and the "vendue."

The influence of long contact with a community whose spirit is such as this must necessarily stimulate self-consciousness and an introspection that may easily become morbid in its intensity. Yet its effects might well be salutary to one whose own temperament lacked repression and subjectivity. Unfortunately, Mr. Howells already possessed these qualities in excess. Just as the late Edward Henry Palmer, though born of English parents and in an English home, was, from the moment of his birth, in every essential respect an Arab, so Mr. Howells, though a native of Ohio and sprung from Welsh stock, has always been essentially a New Englander. The remarkable self-analysis of his early mentality which he has given us in *A Boy's Town* proves this beyond a doubt. It shows him even as a child to have been self-conscious, introspective, abnormally prone to dwell upon his own sensations and emotions, and to exaggerate them out of all proportion to their real importance. This is the true New England temperament, rooted in individualism, pushing self-analysis to the point of torture, regarding details as of infinite significance, teaching that the part is greater than the whole, and robbing its possessor of a sense of true proportion. But to the literary artist, as to the philosopher, the sense of proportion is everything ; for it is the one sovereign antidote to provincialism, philistinism, and morbidity. It and a sense of humour are God's greatest gifts to man ; and the first of these He seems in His infinite wisdom to have denied to the typical New Englander who, in politics and religion and literature alike, outdoes Protagoras in devotion to the doctrine

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that the individual is the measure of all things.

That Mr. Howells, with New England traits already so sharply accentuated, should have been definitely and irrevocably stamped with the New England influence, must therefore be regarded as a distinct misfortune to American literature; for it has narrowed his marvellous gifts of delineation to a single sphere and made him the novelist of a section, when his genius might otherwise have become broadly national. This consideration fully answers the question whether he has written the American Novel; for it shows that he has not; that fate had determined that he should merely write the Novel of New England. This, indeed, he has actually done. He has given us a single novel that is really great, another that is nearly great, and one absolutely perfect story; and each of these is New England to the core.

In *A Modern Instance* one sees what he might have achieved but for the overmastering influence that has fettered and restricted his gifts of portraiture. This book differs essentially from the general run of American novels in its breadth and grasp and colour, and especially in being free from a certain thinness that characterises pretty nearly all the fiction produced in the United States. American novels almost invariably lack body and substance. They have a high, dry, rarefied atmosphere which may be very clear, but which is also very difficult to breathe for any length of time. They may possess more subtlety than one finds in an English novel, but they are afflicted with so advanced an anæmia, that one always turns from them with a sense of relief to the strong, well-nourished work of the Englishman who shows us bone and muscle and flesh and blood in place of mere nerves, with plenty of good port wine and roast beef instead of angel-food and ether. But *A Modern Instance* has body to it, and colour and movement and vitality. Nearly all of its characters are living human beings, and not mere psychological studies. It is for this reason that one can read and re-read the book and find several of its personages dwelling forever after in his memory, as do the men and women whom we have known in life. Bartley Hubbard, for example, is as real as Mr. Howells himself; and the proof of it is found in the fact that, in spite of his baseness and cheapness, we cannot refrain from feeling sorry for him and even at times from almost liking him, just as we feel sorry for him and almost like him when we meet him in our daily life. And Marcia and Kinney and Witherby and the old Squire are living beings, too. Mr. Howells has drawn them with more freedom and boldness than he often shows, and has given himself far less concern about accumulating mere details. He has, moreover, in a measure cut loose from his own pet theory of fiction-writing. He has not scrupled to give us some fine dramatic touches after the manner of the Romanticists, and has even led us up to an intensely powerful climax in the scene where the quaintly pathetic figure of Squire Gaylord rises in the Western court-room and pleads for justice and for vengeance in the last words that he ever utters. And this is one of the things that make for genuine realism because such striking scenes as these are not so rare in life as Mr. Howells sometimes appears to think. Altogether, one cannot say too much of *A Modern Instance*. It bears the true stamp of genius, and it will live as long as anything that American literature can show: for in it the writer stands aside and lets the action evolve itself before the reader's eye, and thus comes very near to meriting the tribute which Hawthorne gave to the Cyclopean art of Anthony Trollope when he said that in reading him it seems as though some giant had hewn out a great lump of English soil and set it down before us, with all the human beings on it going about their affairs unconscious of our observation. And this is just what Mr. Howells has done in *A Modern Instance*, only it is out of the soil of New England that he has hewn the lump.

The Rise of Silas Lapham is, as a whole, below the level of *A Modern Instance*, but it is still a masterly and memorable book. The character of Silas Lapham himself is by all odds the most remarkable piece of portraiture that Mr. Howells has ever done, and it is the only one that attains to the proportions of a broadly national type. The self-made man who works his way up the ladder of material prosperity was never more convincingly depicted; and the portrait is one that is true of the native

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American everywhere, East as well as West. Rooted in the soil of the farm, this homely figure with its heaviness and gentleness, its simplicity and shrewdness, its rugged honesty and worldly wisdom, its uncouthness and native humour, its quaint conceit and innocent pride tempered always with a hesitating self-depreciation, its eye to the main chance, and its haunting and remorseless conscientiousness—we see them all in this amusing yet profoundly touching creation, which is as vital as anything that human art has ever limned. The opening chapter where Lapham is interviewed by Bartley Hubbard for the *Events*, in the office of the "mineral-paint" manufactory, is a miracle of condensed pictorial power, in which each word goes with swiftness and precision to the mark. When we have finished it, we know the Colonel through and through in every stage of his career, and if the book had ended there, it would still have given to fiction a new and permanent possession.

In *The Lady of the Aroostook* we have the most perfect story that American literature has yet produced. It is the height of literary art, for its finish is as exquisite as its design. One can re-read it a score of times, and always with a fresh enjoyment of its unerring insight and convincing truth, and of the delicate humour that plays along its lines and heightens here and there the scenes of really unstudied emotion that are elsewhere so infrequent in our author's work. But the book is more than a perfect story; it is a concrete illustration of a phase of American civilisation, and one that could not be half so well explained in any other way. It depicts social conditions that to a foreigner are quite inexplicable, yet which an American understands so well, that if he had not learned to know the foreign point of view, as Mr. Howells came to know it, it never would occur to him to set it forth in the form of a story. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has made a very admirable use of some of the English criticism upon this book in showing how certain of the conditions of American life differ *toto cælo* from anything that a European can understand. That Lydia Blood, a girl from rural New England, and reared amid surroundings that are homely in the extreme, should have all the delicacy and dignity of a "lady," and that she should be considered by the writer and by the personages of the story to be a "lady," was as strange and improbable to the foreign critic, as that on reaching Venice she should at once have taken with entire composure a lady's place in its society.

One dwells with fondness on this charming story, which compresses within a hundred pages so much rare portraiture, so much sympathetic knowledge, and so many delicate literary graces. With the possible exception of Staniford, every single character in the book is drawn to perfection, from Ezra Perkins, who drives the Concord stage at South Bradfield, and Aunt Maria and Captain Jenness, to the curiously cosmopolitan circle of Mrs. Erwin's set at Venice—Miss Landini, who invokes impartially the devil and the Deity in her conversation, Rose-Black, the crawling English artist, Henshaw Erwin with his passion for collecting Americanisms, and Lydia herself, a second Marcia Hubbard but with finer traits. Every one of these is sketched in with a firm hand and the most artistic sense of contrast; and the changes of scene from South Bradfield to the ship, and from the ship to Venice, give a fascinating and varied background for the movement of the story. The last three or four pages would alone be sufficient to make a lasting reputation for their author, so perfect is the finish of the picture where Staniford after marrying Lydia goes with her to visit her old home at South Bradfield in the midst of winter. Mr. Howells has caught the exact feeling of the scene, the people, the atmosphere, and each successive stroke so artfully heightens the effect that in reading one almost cries out with wonder and delight. The prim house walled in by snowbanks, the social evening with the minister and his wife, which Aunt Maria, after passing coffee and sponge-cake, felt to be so brilliant as to be almost wicked, and, above all, the symbolistic parlour-lamp of pea-green glass with a large red woollen wick—that parlor-lamp alone is a sufficient claim to immortality, for its glow, somehow or other, makes the whole life and aspect of South Bradfield perceptible at a glance.

The remembrance of this story heightens one's regret that among all the other work that Mr. Howells has given us, nothing else is found quite wor-

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thy of being set beside it ; for as time went on, the spell of Boston grew stronger and stronger upon him, and we find less and less of the comparative freedom and spaciousness that appear in the three fine books that we have just enumerated. Individualism marked him for its own. He began to abuse his gift of observation. Instead of going swiftly and unerringly to the very heart of things, he came to regard it as sufficient to accumulate a multiplicity of trivial details and to let a microscopic fidelity take the place of a broader sympathy. The keenness of vision involved in some of his detail is almost startling, but in the end this sort of thing defeats its own purpose, for the reader is so astonished by the photographic accuracy of the observer, that his attention is distracted from the march of events, and he can think only of how very clever Mr. Howells is. In other words, the brilliancy of the novelist casts into a semi-shadow the evolution of the novel, and Mr. Howells is the fatally successful rival of his own creations.

It is precisely in this respect that Thackeray too often suffers in comparison with Dickens ; for although his art is infinitely greater, it is not always the art that conceals itself, but an art that is too consciously exposed to the reader's view. Thus when Dickens takes us with Pecksniff into Mrs. Todgers's immortal lodging-house, we actually go there. We snuff the sickly gushes of soup with our own noses, we see with our own eyes the worn-out floorcloth and the table with its splashes of gravy, we hear with our own ears the convivial wit of Mr. Jinkins and the other commercial gentlemen, and for the moment Dickens has nothing to do with it at all. But when Thackeray describes the similar *ménage* of the Gann family in *A Shabby Genteel Story*, it is not we who see it for ourselves, but it is Thackeray who is telling us what he has seen. We are kept in a constant state of admiration over the extraordinary accuracy of his vision. He is always present in his own person ; and, just as Mr. George Brandon reported it all to the Viscount Cinqbars, so Thackeray reports it to us and in a somewhat similar spirit, with a constant appeal to "the principle in us that sniffs." It is all very brilliant ; but Mr. Howells has himself admitted that it has its defects ; that it is too sophisticated ; and that if, by comparison, the magic of Dickens be rough magic and wholly elemental, it is at least grandly elemental and deals with larger moods than those that respond merely to tastes and preferences.

So it is that all of Mr. Howells's novels, except the ones already noted as exceptions, are permeated with this suggestion of his own individuality, and with that excessive elaboration which prevents us from seeing the wood by reason of the trees. The writer stands between us and his books. Moreover, though the details of his work may be often remarkably characteristic and typical, their combination is not necessarily either characteristic or typical ; and while his personages may be individually realistic, in combination they are often quite unreal in that they show no life and movement and spontaneity. One is reminded by them of a painting in which every figure is admirably finished, but in which, nevertheless, the effect of the whole is stiff and wooden. Mr. Howells's gallery, in other words, contains an immense array of careful sketches, but only a very few successful pictures. And this is why of his later books even the most conscientious reader retains only a shadowy and confused impression. The titles and scenes and plots (so far as there are any plots discernible) are all blurred and jumbled together ; and just a few strongly drawn individual portraits stand out in a hopeless if splendid isolation. One recalls the striking figure of the embezzler Northwick in *The Quality of Mercy*, wherein one scene is matchless in its psychology ; the gawky youth in *The Minister's Charge ;* Helen Harkness, the intensely Bostonian type of girl in *A Woman's Reason*, who thinks that the "Indian trade" confers an aristocratic *cachet ;* and possibly Clara Kingsbury, though we may express a conscientious doubt whether even in Boston the ladies of the Brahminical set are wont to speak of their "gentleman friends ;" but what befell these persons the present writer, at least, is unable to recall ; and he has found it necessary, at the present time, in every case to search through his collection of Mr. Howells's books in order to be quite certain that he has assigned each character mentioned to its proper source.

The individual note is heard with even

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greater clearness in our author's literary criticism, for here it has appeared to him unnecessary to do much more than state his own opinions with a dogmatism which is no less real, because it is so often mingled with felicitous phrases and spiced with bits of epigram. Within the last two or three years, in fact, he has begun to issue books whose very titles—*My Literary Passions* and *Impressions and Experiences*—quite frankly indicate how purely personal to himself his judgments are. In these books we are told not only what opinions he has formed, but the exact circumstances under which he came to form them; who first led him to read this and that; whether he was at home or at his uncle's when he made his first acquaintance with an author; that he was shelling peas when he first heard of *Don Quixote;* that it was his elder brother who introduced him to Captain Marryat; with an infinite deal of similar personal detail continuously presupposing that the reader must regard these incidental facts as of extreme importance. In his latest volume he even devotes some thirty or forty pages to the chronicle of his personal experiences with beggars.

In another writer this would be egoism of a gigantic growth; but in Mr. Howells it is only the individualism of the New Englander expressing itself in terms of literary criticism. Yet to this sort of thing is due a good deal of the exasperation that some of Mr. Howells's opinions have excited; for while they are simply the personal views of an individual, they are sometimes put forth as though they were meant to found a school of criticism and to abolish the canons that have been built upon the intellectual experience of centuries. It is all very well for Mr. Howells, as an individual, to thrust Romanticism into his ash-barrel, as being nothing but a piece of literary junk; but when he sets up as a master of criticism, the matter comes to be of more importance; and one may then quite reasonably question alike his authority and his critical capacity. A critic who prefers Realism to Romanticism is well within his rights; but when he would hoot Romanticism out of existence altogether because it does not happen to appeal to him, then we may properly suspect him of a defective equipment. The curious thing about Mr. Howells is that he makes his inability to appreciate certain phases of literature an additional claim upon our attention. Thus, in the chronicle of his literary passions, he heads a chapter with the name of Scott, apparently for the sole purpose of telling us, as he does, that though he has read Scott's novels, he did so wholly from a sense of duty, and that little or nothing of them remains with him at the present time. Now when a literary critic comes forward and declares that he has found nothing touching and tender in the character of Jeanie Deans, nothing humorous in the portrayal of Andrew Fairservice, nothing impressively terrible in the story of Ravenswood, nothing breathlessly exciting in the unravelling of Bertram's weird, and nothing that stirs the blood like a trumpet-call in the splendid pictures of chivalry that stud the pages of *Ivanhoe*, and yet in the same breath announces that Mr. J. W. De Forest is one of the greatest of novelists, then we may rightly liken such a critic to a person who assures us of his own ability as a judge of painting, and cites as one of his chief qualifications the fact that he is colour-blind and cannot tell blue from green.

It is obvious that one so sensitive as Mr. Howells to external impressions must be sensibly affected by his environment; and here, we think, is found an explanation of the comparative inferiority of many of his later novels. This brings us to the second part of our original thesis—the effect upon his genius and its expression, of his final removal from Boston to New York. One might argue, adducing the facts already set forth, that this change was precisely the thing needed to counteract the excessive individuality and concentration of his literary methods. But this line of argument leaves out of sight, first, the fact that the change was made only after Mr. Howells's formative period was over, and that hence it occurred too late; and it ignores, in the second place, the peculiar influence which New York exerts upon the typical Bostonian.

It was long ago remarked by some superficial observer that New York is in reality not an American city at all; and the saying has been so constantly repeated by those who ought to have known better, that it has come to be regarded as axiomatic in its truth. But as a matter of fact, nothing could be more

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absolutely false ; for, apart from some of its external characteristics, New York is the most truly American city in existence—the only city that has assimilated and moulded into a whole all the attributes of our people, blending them so perfectly as to yield for a result not a Northern or a Southern or an Eastern or a Western product, but one that is simply and typically American. And in doing this it has happily eliminated one quality that is elsewhere the bane of the American temperament—the quality of self-consciousness. For in its own way, the self-consciousness of Chicago, for example, is as marked as the self-consciousness of Boston, only the manifestation of it is different. Boston, being the old maid of American cities, displays the self-consciousness of primness ; while Chicago, the hobbledehoy of American cities, is troubled by the self-consciousness of overgrowth, and, so to speak, is always concerned as to what to do with its feet and hands, and troubled by the uneasy consciousness that its legs are far too long ; while if it wishes to speak impressively, its voice flies off the handle and ends in a falsetto squeak. In either city, the individual is the unit of the whole, and is always sure of his own importance. But New York, whose quality is greatness rather than mere bigness, takes no account of the individual, and the individual knows it. The giant forces that are here at play are too vast for any one to control. They act and react with such a mighty sweep and power, as to dwarf the individual altogether, who resembles a tiny bird that has built its nest in the beam of some colossal engine. It knows the movements of the great machine, it does not dread it, and it even comes to love it for its tremendous energy ; but it would no more think of trying to direct or check it than one of us would think of bridling a cyclone or staying the plunge of a waterspout. In the sphere of civics the immensity of this great *Weltstadt* has its disadvantages, but from every other point of view it is wonderful and inspiring. No single influence can affect it. No great university can ever leaven it as Harvard has leavened Boston ; no great literary movement can ever make an impression on it ; no wave of religious excitement can ever spread through all its channels ; no political cataclysm can disorganise the play of its colossal forces. Men of commanding influence and national reputation come to New York, and take their places meekly far down the line ; an invading army would be run in by the police. The giant swallows everything, takes everything to itself, and then moves on unconscious of it and unchanged. Nothing can be more inspiring to one who knows it well, and who exults in the largeness and power and magnificence of it all.

But the effect of it upon the Bostonian born is very curious. Catch a typical Bostonian and suddenly transfer him to the heart of Brooklyn, or Philadelphia, or New Orleans, or San Francisco, or even of Chicago, and while he will recognise the unfamiliarity of his new environment, it will not interfere with his enjoyment. He is still an important individual ; he is still some one to be reckoned with ; and those who meet him will appreciate the fact because they, too, are important individuals who count. But plump him down in the middle of New York, and the difference is startling. A great bewilderment comes over him. He feels that he has somehow got out of his own snug little corner into a great whirl that bewilders him and makes him dizzy. He is uneasily conscious that he has been dwarfed to a mere human atom ; his complacency vanishes ; he knows that his importance has shrunk into nothingness, and he doesn't like it. He resembles a small mouse that has crept timidly out into a vast hall, and then, appalled by the unwonted vista, scuds back to its hole with squeaks of genuine dismay.

Mr. Howells has himself expressed this feeling in *Their Wedding Journey*, when Basil March and Isabel, fresh from the city of the triple mountain, stand before Grace Church and gaze up and down Broadway. And he has, in spite of himself, distilled the same feeling into those books of his that, written under the oppression of his new environment, convey something of that oppression to his readers' minds. In *A Hazard of New Fortunes* and *The World of Chance* one finds no more the unforced humour and the cheerful spontaneity of his earlier novels. He has become melancholy, and with the true New England sense of duty, he has begun to feel that he has a "mission."

It was in New York, apparently, that Mr. Howells made the discovery that

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while there are in the world people who have plenty of money, there are also people who haven't any at all to speak of; that there are people who are harshly used by their employers, people who are often ill, people who live in squalid tenements—people, in a word, who are unhappy through no fault of their own. To a philosophical observer, these and other facts of the kind discovered by Mr. Howells are hardly so pathetic as the the thoroughly *naïf* surprise with which Mr. Howells suddenly became conscious of their existence; and fully as pathetic also is the generous, but quite inartistic impulse that has led him to spoil his novels in order to impart to others some knowledge of his discovery. For as soon as he began to write stories with an obvious *Tendenz*, and permeated with all the uneasiness of the Bostonian who is consciously out of his element, the literary quality of his work deteriorated in a perceptible manner. Who can recall anything of the two books just named except squalor, and unhappiness, and cheap eating-houses, and commonplace characters of all grades of fatuity, and a general feeling that the author evidently thinks the times are out of joint? And so doubtless they are, and always were, for that matter; but Mr. Howells is not going to set them right by publishing vague pictures of Altruria, and asperging all of us with his diluted slops of Socialism. For everything will go on precisely as before; and all that he will have accomplished will be the transformation of a great literary artist into a gloomy and ineffectual Bellamy.

But the depression which has grown upon Mr. Howells in the past few years has extended beyond his view of existing social conditions, and has been formulated into a semi-pessimistic theory of life. This phase of his thought finds its fullest expression in his verse, some of which is really remarkable in its condensed expression of a sort of wondering despair, poignant and terrible. No single poem better reveals this state of mind than the following from his *Stops of Various Quills*:

"I was not asked if I should like to come,
I have not seen my host here since I came,
Or had a word of welcome in his name.
Some say that we shall never see him, and some
That we shall see him elsewhere, and then know
Why we were bid. How long I am to stay
I have not the least notion. None, they say,
Was ever told when he should come or go.
But every now and then there bursts upon
The song and mirth a lamentable noise,
A sound of shrieks and sobs, that strikes our joys
Dumb in our breasts; and then, some one is gone.
They say we meet him. None knows where or when.
We know we shall not meet him here again."

And there comes up continually his old lament over the inequality that everywhere marks the lot of man. The sight of poverty makes him shudder, and the sight of riches makes him shudder, too. He draws us a picture of a gay company dancing among scarlet flowers to the sound of music, and then he goes on:

"I looked again and saw that flowery space
Stirring as if alive, beneath the tread
That rested now upon an old man's head
And now upon a baby's gasping face,
Or mother's bosom, or the rounded grace
Of a girl's throat; and what had seemed the red
Of flowers was blood, in gouts and gushes shed
From hearts that broke under that frolic pace.
And now and then from out the dreadful floor
An arm or brow was lifted from the rest,
As if to strike in madness, or implore
For mercy; and anon some suffering breast
Heaved from the mass and sank; and as before
The revellers above them thronged and prest."

Mr. Howells has, in fact, learned rather late in life a great fact which men, in general, apprehend after a very few years of observation. He has discovered that justice does not enter into the scheme of our existence here. And this is true. There is faith and there is truth, there is charity, and chastity, and honesty, but in all the world (speaking *more humano*) there is no such thing as justice. And this discovery startles and appalls him, for here again his individualism robs him of a sense of true proportion. It is the old New England trait, and it must be admitted that in religion and philosophy it is almost universal among men, though quite unreasoning and absurd. It is the conviction of the individual that in the great plan of the universe he himself, his feeling, and his fate are of some importance. Doubtless, for instance, if Mr. Howells thinks

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that the narrative of his having given half a dollar to a beggar is of sufficient interest to the world at large to be preserved in several pages of printed text, the question of his eternal welfare attains an importance of inconceivable vastness. But all this sort of feeling, so common in popular religious discussion, most curiously fails to recognise the infinite littleness of the individual and of the world itself. There are some who, giving law to the Deity, tell us that the loss of a single soul would be a calamity so appalling as to be quite inconceivable; but in reality if all the men and women who ever lived upon this earth and who ever will inhabit it were swept into Gehenna at a stroke, what would be the real importance of it among the myriads of vigintillions of greater and more glorious worlds that swarm amid the infinity of space? Suppose that once upon a time, thousands of years ago, in a far-distant quarter of our globe something once went wrong with a mote in a sunbeam; this would not be a very vital fact in the history of the world. Yet it would really be relatively of far more importance, in its relation to the whole infinite universe, than would be the annihilation of the mote of a world itself with all the human atoms that breed and die upon it. Why, even in his own country and among his own kind, the individual does not count. Let him be racked with pain or tortured by all the agony that mind and body can endure, and if he will but stand in his doorway he will see the little children laughing in the sunshine and hear the cackle of men and women to whom he is not even so much as a name. Or, like Iván Ilyitch, he may lie hopeless and alone, watching his life ebb hourly away, and no one will really care. His wife, who loves him and whom he loves, will feel no more than a fleeting sorrow; his child, whom he has watched and cherished from its birth, will never understand his anguish; and both of them in the end will half resent an affliction that acts as a check upon their harmless pleasures. Nor can the individual cry out against this as a wrong, for God has willed it, and what He wills is right.

The trouble with Mr. Howells is that he is a pessimist who has as yet learned only the alphabet of pessimism. His eyes are opened to the truth, yet he still hopes on, and hence is torn with endless doubts. In speaking of one author he says:

> "While I read him I was in a world where right came out best as I believe it will yet do in this world; and where merit was crowned with the success which I believe will yet attend it in our daily life, untrammelled by economic circumstances."

But there can really be no permanent halting-place between optimism and pessimism; and he who, like Mr. Howells, is pessimistic only up to a certain point lives in an inferno of his own creation, for he sees the evil of existence and is yet tormented by a hope that never can be realised. Therefore, if one would be at peace, he should be frankly either a consistent optimist or a profound pessimist; for it is a mistake to suppose that the pessimist is unhappy. He is not. He is simply one who has no illusions, and who has once for all accepted the inevitable. "He that is down need fear no fall;" and when we come to recognise the fact that the very worst has happened to us in being born, we can share the cheerfulness of him for whom this life has no surprises. Nor, however dark the world may appear to him, does he wish to leave it. His philosophy is that of the sagacious Greek who taught with great persuasiveness the doctrine that life is no better than death, but when one of his auditors asked him why, if life be no better than death, he did not hasten to leave it, he replied, "Because death is no better than life."

And, in fact, this is somewhat less than the entire truth, for it is always possible that death may be even worse than life. However firmly we may hold to the teachings of religion, we can never escape the feeling that haunted the great Apostle to the Gentiles when he expressed the fear that even after he had done everything he might still perchance become a castaway. One may live up to such light as he possesses, yet he can never quite be sure that his little all will be acceptable, or that when the time arrives for the dissolution of the ties that bind the body and the soul, the sentient part of him may not be doomed to go forth shuddering into infinite loneliness and everlasting gloom.

Hence, the true pessimist is not concerned with little things or with the multifarious evils that he sees about him. He knows that nothing can be done; that

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suffer as he may, he cannot help himself; and that in the universal scheme it really doesn't matter. Therefore his mind is untrammelled by the cares and the anxieties that beset his fellows. If he hopes for nothing, he also fears nothing, and he alone can see the real unimportance of all human cares. Physical pain may torture him, bereavement may wring his heart and force from him a cry of anguish; yet even then he can perceive the underlying humour of it all, the uselessness of complaint when one is spitted on the skewer of destiny like a fly impaled upon a pin. So he schools himself to patience, and strives to acquire, not the sullen apathy of the Stoic, but the splendid ataraxy that Epicurus taught. Imbued with this, and knowing that whatever may befall him there is nothing that can happen otherwise than God has willed it, he meets the events of life with calm composure, looking upon them all with an unruffled front, and with something of the divine serenity that marks the life of the immortal gods.

In this short sketch, then, we have briefly indicated what seem to be the salient points in the work of Mr. Howells—his artistry, his power of delineation, his mastery of detail, and his unerring keenness of observation; and, on the other hand, the limitations that arise from too great subtlety, from lack of objectivity, and from an imperfectly developed philosophy of life. Were it within the scope of this paper to dwell upon his personality, much more might well be said; but it is unnecessary. Every one who knows his work can feel how fine a nature lies behind it, how much love of truth and justice, how much charity, how much devotion to all that is best and noblest; and every one who knows the man himself can tell of his unassuming kindliness, of his generosity to young writers who have still their spurs to win, and of all the traits that make his character so winning and so truly typical of the high-minded American gentleman.

Harry Thurston Peck.

TEMPTATION.

I done got u'ligion, honey, an' I's happy ez a king,
Evah thing I see erbout me's jes' lak sunshine in de spring;
An' it seems lak I do' want to do anoder blessid thing
But jes' run an' tell de neighbours, an' to shout an' pray an' sing.

I done shuk my fis' at Satan, an' I's gin de worl' my back;
I do' want no hendrin' causes now a-both'rin' in my track;
Fu' I's on my way to glory, an' I feels too sho' to miss:
W'y, dey ain't no use in sinnin' when u'ligion's sweet ez dis.

Talk erbout a man backslidin' when he's on de gospel way;
No, suh, I done beat de debbil, an' Temptation's los' de day.
Gwine to keep my eyes right straight up, gwine to shet my eahs, an' see
Whut ole projick Mistah Satan's gwine to try to wuk on me.

Listen, whut dat soun' I hyeah dah, 'tain't no one commence to sing,
It's a fiddle; git erway dah! don' you hyeah dat blessid thing?
W'y, dat's sweet ez drippin' honey, 'cause, you knows, I draws de bow,
An' when music's sho' 'nough music, I's de one dat's sho' to know.

W'y, I's done de double shuffle, 'twell a body couldn't res',
Jes' a-hyeahin' Sam de fiddlah play dat chune his level bes';
I could cut a mighty caper, I could gin a mighty fling
Jes' right now, I's mo' dan suttain I could cut de pigeon wing.

Look hyeah, whut's dis I's been sayin'! whut on urf's tuk holt o' me,
Dat ole music come nigh runnin' my u'ligion up a tree!
Cleah out wif dat dah ole fiddle, don' you try dat trick agin,
Didn't think I could be tempted, but you lak to made me sin!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

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OLD BOSTON BOOKSELLERS.

I.

For more than half a century before and after what has been called the Golden Age of literary Boston, Thomas Oliver Hazard Perry Burnham was one of the most unique figures among the Boston bookselling fraternity. When we speak of old Boston booksellers, we think first of the men who were conspicuously identified, commercially, with the literary development of that brilliant period between the early fifties and the seventies, when the Boston bookshop was the ideal bookman's exchange —of Charles Little, James Brown, and Augustus Flagg; of Ticknor and Fields, and, later, Osgood; of Phillips, Sampson, and William Lee; of Gould and Lincoln, Crosby and Nichols, Alexander Williams, Henry O. Houghton, and others of like stamp whose names come quickly to the memory. But while these were leaders in their several ways and days, the dealers in rare, curious, and odd volumes, mixed with modern, the so-called antiquarian bookshop-keepers —the first of which in this country were established in Boston—were factors of account in the trade of that period, imparting a flavour to the book quarter which gave it a peculiar charm for bookish men; and of this class Perry Burnham was then the foremost, with the largest, most heterogeneous, and most bewildering collection of miscellaneous books of any shop in town.

Although in the course of his long career Mr. Burnham published a number of books, he was essentially a bookseller and trader. He was quick, keen, shrewd, and had a remarkable intuitive knowledge of books. His judgment of the value of rare or old volumes was singularly true. The rapid way in which he would run through a pile of books offered for purchase—turning over a few of them, glancing at their contents, testing their condition—and estimate their worth was often surprising. He knew his great stock, crowding shelves, corners, and nooks of his large shop, intimately. A local writer relates that on one occasion he met there the Rev. Dr. Ezra S. Gannett and a friend, between whom a dispute arose in regard to a certain book supposed to be out of print. Burnham was on the floor sorting out some new purchases. At length Dr. Gannett appealed to him, and without looking up he remarked, "Gannett, you've got the wrong book. Go up to the third story, turn to your left, and on the third shelf near the end you'll find the book you want." The good Doctor, marvelling much, followed the directions, and soon returned with the coveted book. Burnham had, too, the spirit of a true bibliophile, and would sometimes store exceptionally quaint and rare works in choice corners, not for sale, but for his own eyes and those of his rare book-loving friends alone.

Perry Burnham was a son of a small bookseller, Thomas M. Burnham, the founder of the "Antique Bokestore," which subsequently became the nucleus of his own large business. He was a native of the little town of Essex, in the heart of old Essex County, Mass., and having been born soon after Perry's victory on Lake Erie, which so electrified the country, received his voluminous name in honour of the brave Commodore, of whom his father was an ardent admirer. This name in after years gave rise to some good-humoured paraphrasing in the book trade, as "Alphabet Burnham" and "The Old Honest Publisher Burnham," which he did not appear to mind. He was of a family of eight brothers and sisters, none of whom married. His father opened the "Antique Bokestore" at first in partnership with a brother, between the years 1825 and 1830, after having tried other kinds of shopkeeping in Essex, Ipswich, and a town in Maine, and the furniture business in Boston. This was a little shop on Cornhill for the purchase and sale of second-hand books, and also of various curiosities, shells, Indian relics, coins, and it so continued for several years, the numismatic collection, it is said, being at one time the best in the city. An advertisement of the shop, under date of January 1st, 1830, announces a circulating library, trade in second-hand books and fancy articles, cases of geological and conchological specimens for schools, and supplies of Indian and other curiosities for museums. Perry began business as a peddler of apples

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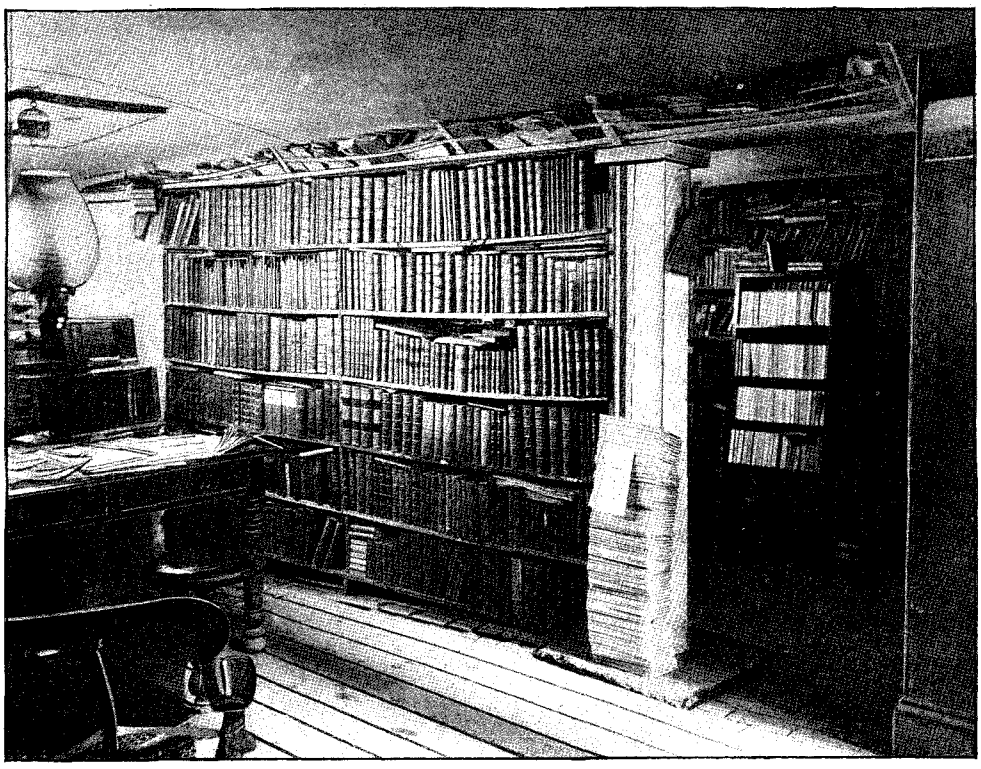

A CORNER IN BURNHAM'S.

and candies from the basket, and as an assistant of his elder brother, Thomas, who had a little book-stall (an offshoot of the family shop on Cornhill), at one end of Faneuil Hall Market, vending books and sailors' songs mainly to mariners. His principal employment while here was selling the songs at the wharves to crews of incoming vessels, or dashing to the Cornhill shop for a book inquired for at the stall, but not in "stock," while the customer waited.

In 1834 or 1835 he entered the Cornhill shop, and although two other brothers, Frederick and Lafayette, were already associated with his father, and his sister, Caroline, had charge of the department of curiosities, he became almost at the outset the moving spirit and leader of the concern. Within a short time the premises were enlarged by the addition of an adjoining shop, and the place was then advertised as "Burnham's Antique, Modern, and Foreign Circulating Library, and College, School, and Library Furnishing Rooms, comprising the greatest Collection in the United States of the scarce, rare, and valuable Works in all the various Branches of Literature." Barter in fancy articles, shells, minerals, and Indian articles was also advertised, but in minor type, books evidently coming to be the chief staple. At the head of the announcements of this period were first quoted the lines, "Here you may range the world with the magic of a book, plunge into scenes of remote ages and countries, and cheat expectation and solitude of the weary moments," which reappeared regularly in subsequent circulars for years, usually set in a marginal frame, and in time became accepted as a kind of Burnham trade-mark.

About the year 1856, the three brothers succeeded to the business; but shortly after, Theodore dropped out. Three years later, Perry and Lafayette separated, Perry removing to Washington Street, into a large brick building, which he had erected on ground leased for twenty years (now occupied by Estes and Lauriat), while Lafayette retained the old shop. The brothers had prospered, and both had invested their sur-

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plus in real estate. What separated them was, perhaps, Lafayette's investment in a costly dwelling on Boylston Street, on the edge of the Back Bay, before the "great filling" which transformed the bay into the present showy

T. O. H. PERRY BURNHAM.

Back Bay quarter of the city—an investment regarded by Perry as extravagant. Their method of dividing the stock of the old store was original. Beginning at the street door, and going in regular order through the ranges of shelves along the walls of the several floors, each took every alternate section from top to bottom, without regard to the value of the books therein contained, and in like manner divided the piles occupying counters, corners, and nooks. Both in their announcements after the separation assumed the title of the Antique Bookstore. Perry announced that "his long experience in business, and his increased facilities, with but slight increase of rent, will enable him to furnish libraries and the public generally with books at the same low prices which have always characterised Burnham's Cheap Store;" and Lafayette, informing the public that "he still occupies the old stand," dropped, like Wegg, into poetry, and produced this classic:

"Ye Antique Boke Store stille flourisheth
As ytte dide in days of yore;
And ye Burnham still catereth
For ye lovers of ancient lore.

"Ye Cornhill ytte is an ancient street,
Like ytts namesake yⁿ London hoar;
But ye buildings they are newe and meete
To containe much of learnynge's store.

"Go yffe you seeke for learnynge greate,
Go yffe ye seeke for wealthe a store,
Go to ye Antique Boke Store straight
And turn ye Books o'er and o'er."

Lafayette, however, after a short time closed his shop and removed his stock to his Boylston Street house, and when he died, a few years later, the stock was sold at auction, bringing a large sum. The house went to Perry, and when he finally sold it, after the upbuilding of the Back Bay quarter, he realised a handsome profit, so that what had been his brother's extravagance became his own gain.

At the expiration of his lease on Washington Street, Mr. Burnham moved to the corner of School and Tremont Streets, adjoining the Parker House, where he occupied the street and upper floors of a building which he had previously built over the side garden or yard of a brick dwelling then on this corner, left by his father's will to his sister Caroline for a home. This was a most delightful and fascinating shop, and naturally became more of a haunt and meeting-place of book-lovers and book-makers than the larger and more modern Washington Street store. Whenever Emerson came to Boston he stopped at "Parker's," and it was but a step to the old book-shop—a step which he invariably took. Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes were more or less frequent visitors, and well-known local bookworms were often seen poring over treasures of the place. This property was long coveted by Mr. Parker for the extension of his hostelry, which was absorbing the adjoining spaces, and yet was cramped for room; and his unsuccessful effort for years to acquire it was a long-standing town topic in Boston. Stories, some of them fabulous, were told of larger and larger inducements held out by the hotel-keeper to the bookseller, and of the bookseller's obduracy, but all to the effect that they could not come together. There was a difficulty in the conditions under which the corner house had been left to the sister Caroline, and when this was overcome by clever lawyers, Parker himself held back, being at that time impressed with a feeling that the hotel trade was

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at no distant day to take a direction away from his location. When at length, in 1883, the corner was acquired, and the building of the Tremont Street extension of the hotel begun, Parker did not live to see its completion.

Burnham's next and last move was to the basement of the Old South Meeting-house, in the rambling, dimly lighted vaults of which his immense stock of old books and pamphlets, making, as chronicled at the time, "over fifty wagon-loads" (exclusive of large lots removed from his house, then on Beacon Street), was disposed in such orderly array, that almost any desired volume could be brought forth at short notice to gratify the casual inquirer or would-be purchaser. After his death, in November, 1891, his business was disposed of at auction, in accordance with the terms of his will, the successful bidders being three of his long-time employés, Messrs. Dodge, Lichtenstein, and Greenleaf, by the first two of whom it is still carried on.

Perry Burnham was a small, slightly built, wiry, nervous, high-strung man, in manner and speech impressing a stranger as abrupt and brusque; but this was merely the rough husk, hiding the kernel of a kindly and generous nature. Many poor persons received his bounty, and many charitable deeds were done by him in a quiet, almost secret way, or as he termed it, "slyly." He was most generally dressed in a "pepper-and-salt" suit, and wore a tall silk hat, sometimes almost as antique as his shop, often in doors as well as out. He was a constant attendant at book auctions, and in the earlier days of his career it was his custom to pay cash to the auctioneer for each volume or set of volumes as purchased, heaping them up by the side of his chair. He died a millionaire, and by his will left bequests to various charitable and educational institutions, and $20,000 for a public library in his native town.

The first genuine antiquarian bookseller in Boston—that is, of books devoted almost exclusively to antiquarian literature—and the first in the United States, was Samuel Gardner Drake, who also has the distinction of being among the earliest of American antiquaries. Mr. Drake became a bookseller through his love for antiquarian research rather than as a purely business calling. Before he opened his shop he had already published, as a private venture, two new editions of Church's *Entertaining History of King Philip's War*, at that time rare, his second edition (1827) being somewhat elaborately edited, and issued

from stereotype plates, one of the first prints of the stereotype press in Boston. He had first tried his hand for a year or more at the book-auction business, but in this was not successful. His previous occupation had been mostly that of school-teaching, and he had studied medicine for a year in his native town of Pittsfield, N. H.

His bookselling career began in 1830, in a little shop on Cornhill, on the opposite side from Burnham's, to which he was attracted mainly by the cheapness of the rent, for he had slight capital. In his rich private library, which he accumulated in after years, of books chiefly relative to American antiquities, history, and biography, was an antiquated duodecimo with the following memorandum written on the fly-leaf: "Bought in 1828. In 1830 the first Antiquarian Bookstore was established by me in Cornhill, and the letters on my sign were fashioned from those in this book." This sign was for nearly a quarter of a century a familiar object to

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those who passed along this short, bow-shaped street. In 1831 he moved to the other side of the way into a larger shop, but one of lower rent, and here he continued for twenty-two years. He maintained a large family during this period, but laid up no wealth; "nor," observes his memoirist, "did that seem an object to one so fond of ancient books and reading." The stock on his shelves was notably strong in Americana, but it included choice foreign publications and rare copies of works out of print. The shop became the resort of such men as Sparks, Hildreth, Prescott, Bancroft, Everett, George S. Hillard, Starr King, Edwin H. Chapin, the editors Joseph T. Buckingham, George Lunt, and Nathan Hale.

Mr. Drake's own historical work was continued without cessation all through his bookselling career, which closed only with his death, in June, 1875, at the age of seventy-seven, and books or pamphlets issued from his pen almost every year. In 1832 he brought out his *Indian Biography*, the next year *The Book of the Indians*, three years later *The Old Indian Chronicle*, and *The Book of the Indians*, with large additions; in 1841, the last mentioned further enlarged; in 1844, *Indian Captivities*. The collection of historical material relating to the Indians which he made in connection with these and other works was said to be unrivalled. Between 1852 and 1856 he published his largest work, *The History and Antiquities of Boston from 1630 to 1770*, issuing it in parts; and a few years before his death he began the preparation of a new volume continuing the history to 1821, the year of Boston's incorporation as a city, but this was not completed. In 1860 his notes on the *Founders of New England* appeared, and in 1869 the *Annals of Witchcraft*. Most of his works are now "scarce." He was a founder of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and was the father of *The Register*, the quarterly publication of this society, serving as its publisher for thirteen years, and its actual editor for nine and a half years, although his name appears as the editor of six volumes only. His valuable library, containing at the time of his death fifteen thousand volumes and thirty thousand pamphlets, including many rare titles, was subsequently sold by auction and scattered. This sale was one of the earliest of the now famous sales of Americana during the last twenty years—the Aspinwall, Brinley, Barlow, Leffingwell—which have given such a distinct value to early American books as merchantable wares.

As an indication of the contracted social spirit of Boston, it may be remarked that Mr. Drake never received, at the hands of his contemporaries, the honorary tributes fairly due to his scholarship and his literary performance.

Edwin M. Bacon.

THROUGH THE NIGHT.

The silver tendril of the stream
  Winds through the cavern of the night,
And, hush, there floats across my dream
  A cygnet bathed in pallid light.

The moon's cold eyeball stares not down
  Upon the wondrous freight it brings,
Hung round its archéd neck, a crown
  Of pearls and silver blazonings.

And while it trails adown the tide,
  My senses smothering 'neath the gloom
And silence that gulf all beside,
  Hail the white glory of its plume.

Hail the clear starlight of each gem,
  Bound in the frost of time's disdain. . . .
A hand grasps at the diadem,
  When sudden, all is black again.

Thomas Walsh.

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LONDON LETTER.

We have had a good season. There has been no such great boom of any single book as has marked some previous years; but, on the other hand, nearly every book of merit has done well, and the total volume of business has been larger, perhaps, than it has ever been before. In actual sales, I believe that Marie Corelli's *Murder of Delicia*, Ian Maclaren's *Kate Carnegie*, and Rudyard Kipling's *Seven Seas* have taken the lead, but judging by the reception of Mr. Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy*, at the time of publication, I should think it is likely to surpass all the books of 1896 in popularity. It promises to make a very deep impression.

The Robert Louis Stevenson meeting has just been held at Edinburgh. Lord Rosebery presided, and was the orator of the occasion. It does Lord Rosebery great credit that he is willing to go about the country and take the chair at meetings of this kind, and make speeches which must cost him considerable reading and labour. It cannot be said that they are important or remarkable speeches; they are best described by two adjectives of his own, "plump" and "respectable." They are long and solid, and contain a good many facts, and reflect fairly well an average sensible opinion. But there is no depth of insight or striking felicity of phrase to be found in them as a rule, although it must be admitted that in his speeches on Burns Lord Rosebery at some points rose above himself, and said really felicitous things. It is unfortunate that a man meaning so well, with so many gifts and advantages, and after a career of such promise, should apparently end in what is, after all, a decided failure in every field. Lord Rosebery suffers from a singular want of tact. He is one who never opens his mouth without putting his foot in it, and he is strangely unresponsive to the influences of the outer world. Thus he said, in his Edinburgh speech, that nobody would think of a statue to Stevenson, and that it would be well if the Edinburgh statues were possessed by devils and rushed violently into the sea. As a matter of fact, Princes Street is an open-air sculpture gallery, the finest site for statues to be found anywhere in the world. Some of the monuments in that noble thoroughfare are magnificently successful, particularly the Scott Monument, and many of Stevenson's friends, including the very closest of all, are of opinion that the proper form of memorial would be a statue beside Scott. No doubt when Lord Rosebery realises this he will come round to the general opinion, for it is characteristic of him to hesitate and waver if he has against him the strongest battalions. Mr. Barrie was induced very unwillingly to appear at the meeting, and to his presence is mainly due the large crowd that was attracted. He said that Stevenson had attracted an amount of personal devotion only to be paralleled in the case of a female novelist, Emily Brontë. Mr. Sidney Colvin and Professor Masson also spoke, but the newspapers gave no space to any one except Lord Rosebery, to whom they are much indebted for filling space during the dull season.

A good many memoirs have been published this year, some of them extremely interesting. Notable among them is the collection of Mr. Augustus Hare's memoirs of his life. Three* volumes have appeared, and I believe the other three are due. Mr. Hare has been very candid in his revelations, and has provoked severe criticism, especially from Mrs. Oliphant in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He deals very severely with his relatives—Mrs. Julius Hare, who was the sister of F. D. Maurice, and Georgiana Hare, who was Maurice's second wife. But when all is said and done, it must be allowed that Hare has collected an immense amount of really interesting matter, of good stories, of striking characterisations. He has a gift which is all his own, and which makes people read his books, even when they do not approve of much that he says. Another volume of reminiscences, which has greatly interested the newspaper world, is one by Mr. Charles Cooper, the editor of the *Scotsman*. The *Scotsman* has been conducted with such wonderful energy and business skill that it has killed all its rivals in Edinburgh,

* Two in the American edition.

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and now appears as the only morning paper with a circulation co-extensive with Scotland. This achievement, which is a very great one, has not been the work of any single individual, but rather of a band of resolute and able men, who have spared no effort and who have feared no criticism. Mr. Cooper, however, has taken a good part in the work. He is one of the most effective leader-writers who ever handled a pen, if leader-writing is to be judged by its result in the opinion of the readers. He can put a difficult case with matchless lucidity and point. Some things in his book are difficult to understand, in particular his revelations about Mr. Childers. Mr. Childers was a politician to whom Mr. Gladstone repeatedly gave high office, and who when the Home Rule split took place remained with his chief, and was not forgotten in the result. Mr. Cooper took a vehement part against Home Rule, and did as much as any one to bring the people of Scotland round to his view. When the Home Rule Bill was brought into the Cabinet there was general amazement at a full account of it published in the *Scotsman*. Cabinet secrets are very carefully guarded, and of course Mr. Gladstone wished to expound his propositions with his persuasive eloquence to the House of Commons before they were known otherwise. It now turns out that Mr. Childers betrayed his chief, that he gave Mr. Cooper cipher telegrams, and that while publicly advocating Home Rule, he privately expressed to Mr. Cooper his utter detestation of it. This revelation casts an indelible stain on Mr. Childers's memory. But it is very difficult to understand why Mr. Cooper should have betrayed him when it is considered that Mr. Childers gave him this important aid out of friendship. The wonder is all the greater because Mr. Cooper is even punctiliously scrupulous on all these points, and there must be some explanation. The explanation, however, will necessarily be delayed, as Mr. Cooper is at present in Australia. Another book of memoirs, which I have found peculiarly attractive, is that of Mr. P. G. Hamerton. It enhances, if that were possible, one's estimate of Mr. Hamerton's high and noble character, and it shows that his life was far more difficult and troubled than one had suspected. The memoir of Archbishop Magee has also been exceedingly well received. It consists mainly of letters, which are written with incisiveness, but I confess I do not rate the book so highly as many have done.

The death of Mr. Coventry Patmore is the removal of another landmark. Mr. Patmore's early poems, *The Angel in the House* and the like, give a very untrue idea of his character. Though in some respects an amiable man, he was overbearing and tyrannical to a degree, and the condition of happiness in his household was entire submission to the master and head. His first wife, the Angel in the House, Emily Patmore, was by all accounts—and I have known some of her relatives—one of the sweetest of human beings. No doubt her husband loved her, but her married life could not be said to have been happy. Neither were the relations between Patmore and some of his sons all that could be desired. He was three times married, the second time to a lady of fortune; and for many years he worked only when it suited him and produced little; but everything that he did produce is significant, one might almost say distinguished. He was a man of great power, and is sure to be remembered for many years. He was a Roman Catholic, but a Catholic of a very independent type. His greatest friend was Mrs. Meynell, who may be said also to be the greatest friend of George Meredith, and Patmore, usually so sparing in praise, could not find adjectives numerous or impassioned enough to sing the praises of Mrs. Meynell's prose and poetry.

There is much discussion about the new edition of George Meredith's works. A preliminary article appeared in the *Academy* saying that they had practically not been changed. This article was written, I believe, by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, but when the book was examined it turned out that in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* great changes had been made, not at all to the improvement of the book, and this will probably most seriously injure the edition. Students of Meredith will prefer to have him as he was in his golden days, and I am not surprised to hear that an American firm of publishers advertises the unexpurgated edition of his works.

Some interest has been roused by the

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novels of Sydney Grier published by Messrs. Blackwood. Sydney Grier is, I believe, Miss Hilda Gregg, a granddaughter of a Bishop of Cork who was long ago a popular preacher in Dublin. She is undoubtedly a clever writer, and few readers of her books would have imagined that they were written by a woman.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, December 24th, 1896.

PARIS LETTER.

More George Sand and Alfred de Musset! Since my last letter, the *Revue de Paris* has given us three new batches of the great novelist's correspondence, one of which, entirely addressed to Sainte-Beuve, can hardly leave anything to be added in regard to the woman's character. Some letters, especially those concerning Gustave Planche and Prosper Mérimée, are such that everybody wonders how any friend of George Sand ever allowed them to come before the public. In regard, however, to literary excellence, whatever view may be taken of the writer's life, hardly any criticism can be ventured. It is simply sustained eloquence and perfection.

The same thing may be said of the same woman's letters to Alfred de Musset. Here, in addition, we find some curious literary revelations. Who would ever have suspected that some of the most burning sentences in *On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour* were really not Musset's own, but had been taken verbatim from George Sand's letters? Certainly no mean compliment paid to Lélia by the *poète des Nuits!*

No one thinks the less of Musset for so using his friend's (?) letters, and no one has accused him of plagiarism. His power as a playwright has just now undergone a test which the boldest had hitherto shrunk from subjecting it to. His somewhat Shakespearian drama of *Lorenzaccio*, performed for the first time by Sarah Bernhardt's company at the Renaissance Théâtre, won a remarkable and instantaneous success. From a literary point of view it has always been considered one of Musset's strongest productions; and its effect on the stage has interested the critics whose prophecies have been rather conflicting.

I hardly know whether it is not blasphemy to mention a play by Sardou after a drama by Musset. Still as I mentioned the play to you last month, I may be permitted to add that it has now been read to Sarah Bernhardt's company, and that its sufficiently self-explaining title will be *Spiritisme.*

Talking of Sardou brings to my mind a recent and pretty characteristic utterance of the man. He had been approached by some friends of his old father, who is a well-known author of educational books. They wished to have the old man decorated with the Legion of Honour, and, of course, thought that his celebrated son would be only too happy to join in the efforts they were making to that end. It may be stated here that Sardou himself is not only a member of the Legion of Honour, but was a few years ago raised from knighthood to the rank of officer in the Order. Yet he is thinking, it seems, of higher honours still in that direction, and instead of a hearty response to their overtures, his father's friends were met by a "Why, think of it! *I* am not yet a Commander in the Order!" (*Y pensez-vous? Moi, je ne suis pas encore commandeur!*)

Zola does not trouble himself much about the Legion of Honour, but he has just been the recipient of another kind of distinction, which seems to have given him a great deal of satisfaction. A physician, who is also a man of letters, Dr. Gustave Toulouse, has just begun what he calls *une enquête sur la condition morale du temps présent*, and the first subject examined by him is Émile Zola, to whom he has devoted a whole volume, explaining all the mental as well as the physical habits of the author of *L'Assommoir.* His conclusion is that Zola is *un dégénéré supérieur.* Zola was simply delighted with the doctor's finding. Other writers having expressed some doubts about the seriousness of Dr. Toulouse's undertaking, Zola violently upbraided them a few days ago in the *Figaro.* Evidently to him the doctor's critics are only *des dégénérés inférieurs.* Anyhow, the great question

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now in Parisian literary circles is this, What is Zola so delighted about—simply that he *is un dégénéré*, or that he is *un dégénéré supérieur?* The question is more easily put than answered, and I am satisfied to leave it there.

A recently made award has attracted attention, the Prix Toirac, which goes to Paul Hervieu, whose comedy, *Les Tenailles*, was thus declared the best French comedy performed during the year. *Les jeunes*, as the new writers who ridicule their elders style themselves, will therefore not be able to complain that they are not recognised by the old institutions, the more so that another comedy by Hervieu, *La Loi de l'Homme*, will soon be performed at the Théâtre Français.

Another *jeune*, this one a very young one, has just been the hero of an amusing little incident. His name is Fernand Gregh, and he is the author of a recently published volume of poetry, *La Maison de l'Enfance*, which contains some of the best verses published of late years in France. As the author is hardly twenty years old, it may be the opening of a brilliant literary career. To return to my story. Some time ago Gaston Deschamps, in the *Temps*, quoted an article of Gregh's on Verlaine, and extracted from it a few stanzas which he declared to be among the best Verlaine had ever written. They were not Verlaine's at all, they were Gregh's own, and so Deschamps had to write another article on Gregh himself, and to declare that the stanzas he had admired were none the worse for not being by Verlaine.

Another volume of verse has lately attracted attention, *À l'Amie Perdue*, by Auguste Angellier. Angellier had made himself known about two years ago by an exhaustive and remarkably appreciative work on Robert Burns. Now that we see the real poet in him we are less surprised at his insight into the nature of the Scotch bard.

You undoubtedly know by this time that Brunetière is to cross the ocean in the spring, in order to deliver at the Johns Hopkins University the Lawrence Turnbull Lectures on poetry. He will be accompanied on his trip not only by Madame Brunetière, but also by Madame Blanc, better known as Thérèse Bentzon. He is full of expectations in regard to his American voyage. He intends to investigate, among other subjects, the intellectual and social condition of American Catholicism, and will prepare himself for his researches in that direction by another trip to Rome. The predominance in his mind, at the present time, of religious over all other preoccupations is clearly visible in his just published introduction to the French translation of A. J. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*.

He also introduces to the public a new collection of letters by Mérimée. Here, again, as in former publications of the same writer's letters, the recipient of the letters belongs to the fair sex, and her name is withheld. So we have now a third *inconnue*. As we say here: "*Quand nous serons à dix nous ferons une croix.*"

Jeanne Hugo is a wife again. You remember that she was divorced from Alphonse Daudet's son, Léon, and that, not very long ago, she was erroneously reported to be engaged to M. Hanotaux. The happy mortal is the son of the late Dr. Charcot. So she will continue to bear an illustrious name. Everybody wishes her well in her new matrimonial venture.

Alfred Manière.

10 RUE DE L'ISLY, PARIS.

ECHO.

O famished Prodigal, in vain—
Thy portion spent—thou seek'st again
Thy father's door;
His all with latest sigh bequeathed
To thee the wanderer—he breathed,
Alas! no more.

John B. Tabb.

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NEW BOOKS.

SLOANE'S "NAPOLEON."*

Professor Sloane's exhaustive life of Napoleon was put to a severe test when it was made to appear in serial form. It is hard to form a correct estimate of a work of this kind when it comes out in monthly instalments, for if the reader is interested, he is tantalised by the postponement, and if he is bored, he is denied the privilege of skipping. Worse than either of these hardships is the fact that by the time the next number appears, he is apt to find that he has clean forgotten what the author has said in the last. Of all subjects, history is the least fitted for serial publication, for continuity is absolutely indispensable, and what comes after is meaningless except in the light of what has gone before. For these reasons the two volumes of Professor Sloane's *Napoleon*, published by the Century Company, are most welcome. It is a pity, however, that the publishers have hampered the would-be reader even now by making these volumes of such weight and size that without a small derrick or some other kind of machinery reading is accompanied with physical pain. It seems as if they had meant the book in either case to escape being read, and to occupy the place of volumes merely to be looked at. In its present form, when the remaining two or three volumes appear, it will be beyond the power of any but athletic enthusiasts to enjoy its contents. To quarrel with the merely mechanical features of the book before speaking of its subject-matter seems rather frivolous, but this must be pardoned one whose knees have tottered under its weight, and who has shattered the articles on a study-table in trying to open it.

In treating of the contents of the work it is our purpose to discuss the author's method of presenting the subject, his literary style and his choice of detail, rather than to attempt an estimate of its value as a contribution to historical science. This is because his aim appears to be primarily the treating of his subject in a popular way, and because he does not depart in essentials from the views of recent authorities. So far as historical accuracy is concerned, it is not believed that criticism will disclose any very serious lapses. Some objections have been made to the military side of his narrative, and his account of Napoleon's campaigns is not likely to satisfy the specialists. It is meagre and has a perfunctory tone, as if the author found the task somewhat irksome. In some instances, as in the description of the campaign and battle of Marengo, the account is too elliptical to be intelligible. He tells us that such and such a manœuvre was a remarkable proof of Napoleon's genius, and writes in an exclamatory way about the resulting success, but there is nothing in the context to initiate us into the cause of his enthusiasm. We are left wondering, like the little boy in the poem, just why it was a "glorious victory." As a military historian Professor Sloane is not particularly luminous. Fortunately, he seems to know it, and does not long linger over this branch of the subject. Fortunately, too, there is no lack of writings on these matters; and, after all, it is only a limited class of readers that crave the minute details of a campaign.

The author flies in the face of all orthodox historical doctrine in laying claim to impartiality in the treatment of a subject so recent. Bishop Stubbs holds that no period later than the Middle Ages can be handled impartially. Nevertheless, as compared with other works on the same subject, the present book has this merit in a high degree. The author's tone is judicial, and if he has not achieved perfect impartiality it is due to the character of the subject and not to the spirit in which he treats it. He refuses to be dazzled by the great man's deeds. He analyses his motives and never extenuates. The evolution of Napoleon's character is traced in the style of a psychological novelist, exposing the meanness and self-seeking of the long-headed young hero, the wretched shifts of his early days of struggle, and the sublime selfishness of his successful manhood. In this study of Napoleon's character Professor Sloane is at his best. The pic-

* Napoleon Bonaparte. A History. By William Milligan Sloane. Vols. I. and II. New York: The Century Co. Sold by subscription.

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ture he draws is very impressive. We feel the sense of something superhuman, something "dæmonic," as the author calls it, in the career of this marvellous man. There is something at once inspiring and revolting in it all—inspiring, because the wonderful mental power of Napoleon is more strikingly set forth than by almost any other biographer. This effect is produced not by sky-rockets of rhetoric, which are sent off by some authors with self-conscious complacency as if awaiting the "ahs" of the ecstatic spectators, but by showing in a clear and dispassionate way just what were the obstacles in Napoleon's path and how he surmounted them. We seem to see the how and wherefore of his greatness. The repulsiveness of the picture lies in the author's just but merciless treatment of Napoleon's character. He finds in it no consistency but the consistency of an extraordinarily intelligent selfishness. Yet of immorality in the ordinary sense we have no consciousness. Somehow immorality would almost seem a redeeming trait. We feel that Napoleon was a being wholly devoid of moral feeling; that he was what may be called *unmoral*, a splendid intellectual machine, beneficent beyond all others when the selfish motives happened to lie in the direction of the general good, satanic in its resistless evil when his egoism and the world's happiness were opposed.

In the earlier portion of the work, especially that relating to Napoleon's boyhood and youth, the subject is handled in a graphic and vigorous way. It would be hard to find in the mass of Napoleonic literature anything to equal the account of Napoleon's schooldays, his attempts in literature, his early ambitions, and his career as a young officer of artillery. The following passage is a good specimen of the author's treatment of this period:

"The life of the young officer had thus far been so commonplace as to awaken little expectation for his future. Poor as he was, and careful of his slim resources, he had, like the men of his class, indulged his passion to a certain degree; but he had not been riotous in his living, and he had so far not a debt in the world. What his education and reading were makes clear that he could have known nothing of the scholar's comprehensive thoroughness except the essentials of his profession. But he could master details as no man before or since; he had a vast fund of information, and a historic outline drawn in fair proportions and powerful stroke. His philosophy was meagre, but he knew the principles of Rousseau and Raynal thoroughly. His conception of politics and men was not scientific, but it was clear and practical. The trade of arms had not been to his taste. He heartily disliked routine, and despised the petty duties of his rank. His profession, however, was a means to an end; to any mastery of strategy or tactics or even interest in them he had as yet given no time, but he was absorbed in contemplating and analysing the exploits of the great world conquerors. In particular his mind was dazzled by the splendours of the Orient as the only field on which an Alexander could have displayed himself, and he knew what but a few great minds have grasped, that the interchange of relations between the East and West had been the life of the world. The greatness of England he understood to be largely due to her bestriding the two hemispheres.

"Up to this moment he had been a theorist, and might have wasted his fine powers by further indulging in dazzling generalisations, as so many boys do when not called to test their hypotheses by experience. Henceforward he was removed from this temptation. A plan for an elective council in Corsica to replace that of the nobles, and for a local militia, having been matured, he was a cautious and practical experimenter from the moment he left Auxonne. Thus far he had put into practice none of his fine thoughts, nor the lesson learned in books. The family destitution had made him a solicitor of favours, and, but for the turn in public affairs, he might have continued to be one. His own inclination had made him both a good student and a poor officer; without a field for larger duties he might have remained as he was. In Corsica his line of conduct was not changed abruptly; the possibilities of greater things dawning gradually, the application of great conceptions already formed came with the march of events, not like the sun bursting out from behind a cloud."

It cannot be said that the above-quoted passage is representative of the author's style, which is in fact very unequal. At times he is terse, lucid, and easy, but again he will fall into a cumbrous way of putting things that makes very difficult reading. The former qualities are present more especially in the early part of the work—that embraced in the first volume of the present edition. In the later portions the style is more forced and involved, and one has to reread many passages before their full import is clear. Possibly in the later parts, which deal with the more serious and complicated matters of history, he is possessed with the ideal of the modern scientific school of American historians—everything for matter and nothing for form. At all events, the work gives a good illustration of the contrast between the two methods of writing history,

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some passages having a distinct literary quality, others being crabbed and ultra-German in style. This is a pity, for surely the persistence in the use of clear and vigorous English would not have detracted from the scientific value of what he has written. At his best he is never brilliant, but he has shown that he can make his subject attractive. It is a common complaint among the readers of the biography that the style is dry, and it cannot be said that he has written a book which is likely to hold one's attention continuously without an effort of will. Yet much of the criticism is of a sort that reflects credit on the author, for it proceeds from the disappointed sensation lovers whose palates crave more of the endless tittle-tattle of the memoir-writers, and would have a historian treat his subject in the manner of the newspaper reporter interviewing the distinguished foreign visitor as to the habits of his daily life and personal preferences in the matter of clothes, food, and so forth; or else they long for the usual rhapsodies of hero worship. Neither of these qualities is to be found in Professor Sloane's work. It is not their absence which makes so many of his paragraphs dull reading, but rather his attempts to explain his subject by an elaborate description of contemporary military and political affairs. He does not go far enough into these to satisfy the historical student, and at the same time he goes too far to retain the interest of the general reader. In these parts of his work his treatment results in neither a biography nor a history. Worse than this, these passages are not clear. He lacks the faculty of portraying vividly the character of a period by a few brief touches. These are the main defects of the book. In spite of them it must be admitted by all that it is the best work on Napoleon that has yet appeared in English. That it will be permanently popular is very doubtful, but passages in it will always be read with interest, and it is safe to say that it is the most valuable contribution to Napoleonic literature of recent years.

One word more as to the mechanical features of the book. The illustrations are admirably executed and in many cases well selected, but the choice of purely ideal pictures is of doubtful value, especially when practical illustrative matter, such as political and military maps, are either lacking, or when present have serious defects. No one but a specialist could trace a campaign on some of his diagrams. In the matter of paper, type, and the other features of the make-up the book is all that could be desired.

F. M. Colby.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE.*

Mr. Zangwill tells us, in his prefatory note, that he has omitted from the present volume of his collected *causeries* "those pieces which hang upon other people's books, plays, or pictures.' That means we have now to greet the humourist and not the critic. I doubt, indeed, if the present volume could be true to its title if Mr. Zangwill the critic should appear there. It would be a new phenomenon in the experience of art if a creator, however liberal and sympathetic, could write of this extremely serious business of art "without prejudice." That is the one time when he becomes partisan and speaks out his faith roundly. So, generous as we know to be Mr. Zangwill's dealing with other people's books, we are willing to wait for the "possible collection of his critical writings in another volume," to put him down as a man with his preferences.

When once convicted of the charge that he could always see two sides to every argument, Mr. Zangwill is said to have replied, "That is why I am a novelist and not a logician." He might have said, "That is why I am a humourist and not a logician." But in the present volume he is not only the humourist, the man who sees life imaginatively rather than literally; but he is the man who takes the pose of the humourist—that is, who will not be "tied down to one point of view." "Give me an argument, and I'll show you the other side of it," he says in effect, "That will be in the interest of Truth which is always double-faced." As a man "without prejudice," he is bound to see justice done to the opponent. So Mr. Zangwill explains his title, and so his title explains the shock of epithet and paradox in these really disconcerting *caus-*

* Without Prejudice. By I. Zangwill. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

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eries, and gives us the secret of his whimsical manner.

"The World is an Earthly Paradox," he says on page 142, "with four cardinal points of mutual contradiction, all equally N., S., E., and W." And proceeding to the progress of Modern Philosophy and Science through paradox, he thus illustrates his subject:

"Darwin, the Barry Pain of Biology, asserted that man rose from the brutes, and that, instead of creatures being adapted to conditions, conditions adapted creatures. Berkeley, the Lewis Carroll of Metaphysics, demonstrated that our bodies are our minds, and Kant, the W. S. Gilbert of Philosophy, showed that space and time live in us."

We recommend this passage to readers who want to study Mr. Zangwill's paradox, both in theory and in practice. We also offer it as a sample of his intellectual furniture—a miscellany which includes almost everything from cosmic theories to the latest street song, and which is usually open in all its departments to the public. But before illustrating its variety further, we will simply say of the paradox, that Mr. Zangwill, the exquisite humourist of *The Children of the Ghetto*, has here almost let it stereotype his humour into the manner of the professional funny man. The paradox requires delicate handling; otherwise it easily becomes a mere mechanical device for turning out comic copy. But this criticism applies more seriously to the collected *causeries* than to their journalistic publication. One can support a mannerism through ten pages more easily than through nearly three hundred and ninety.

Returning to the contents of the present volume, one is at loss for a description that shall suggest their proper variety. It seems as if Mr. Zangwill had never forgotten anything he ever heard or knew, and that he means to give us the entire benefit of this encyclopædic range. In his opening paper on "A Vision of the Burden of Man," he has made a partial list of the vexed questions which confront the modern man (perhaps six or eight hundred are preserved by him). Here is an illustrative section:

"Music-hall songs. Heredity: are acquired qualities inherited? Is tobacco a mistake? Is drink? Is marriage? Is the high hat? Polygamy; the social evil. Are the planets inhabited? Is the English concert pitch too high? The divided skirt. The antiquity of man."

And on all the questions of the list, thus illustrated, a journalist, says Mr. Zangwill, is supposed to have his definite opinion. I haven't a doubt, from the contents of the present volume, that the author lives up to the requirements of his profession. A journalist is Mr. Zangwill, with a wit so athletic that it leaves the ordinary pedestrian mind out of breath in a single chapter. Mr. George Moore has said of his favourite author, that whatever the artistic objections to this end, Balzac has, more than any other novelist, managed to produce the impression of the enormous variety, complexity, and movement of nineteenth-century civilisation. In the same way Mr. Zangwill, though we want, during the course of his excursions, to tell him to stop a minute in the interests of art and respiration, produces the effect, almost more successfully than the Sunday newspaper, of omnivorous journalism and its content, and the distracting hubbub of the contemporary. The contemporary is his great joke, because, I suspect, he is such a very modern person himself; and the contemporary theory is the chief of all the jokes in the repertoire of the writer of *Without Prejudice*, because—well, Mr. Zangwill is himself an inveterate theorist and, like Thackeray, has the genius of "self-mockery." Like Cockshot of the essay, "you can propound nothing but he has either a theory about it ready-made, or will have one instantly on the stocks and proceed to lay its timbers and launch it in your presence." I have my private opinion that Mr. Zangwill was once himself, like a good Jew, thoroughly inoculated with Socialism, and this is therefore one of the most constantly recurring of his jokes.

"Yet those who achieve the bare existence, who starve not, neither shiver, have surely enviable compensations. Not theirs the distressful, wearying problems of sociology. Far from feeling any responsibility for their fellow-beings, they do not even fulfil their own personal duty to society—witness the breeding of babies in back streets. They have no sympathy with the troubles of any other class. . . . The state of the rich does not give them sleepless nights—they have no yearnings to reform them or amend their condition. The terrible overcrowding of the upper classes on Belgravian staircases wakes not a pang; they are untouched by the sufferings of insufficiently clad ladies in draughty stalls and royal ante-chambers; and the grievances of old army men move them not."

Another of Mr. Zangwill's favourite

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jokes is journalism and the laws of the literary market. Here are some verses on the Latter-day Poet :

" Bend, bend the knee, and bow the head
To reverence the great unread,
The great unread and much-reviewed,
Whose lines are treasured like the lewd,
His first editions prizes reckoned,
Because there never was a second.
* * * * *
" He struggles through oblivion's bogs
To gain a place in—catalogues !
And falls asleep and joins the dust
In simple hope and modest trust
That, though Posterity neglect
His bones, his books it will collect,
And these will grow—O prospect fair !—
From year to year more 'scarce' and 'rare.'"

But what are a few little tracts of quotation against the great area of the present volume? Mr. Zangwill's versatility is the versatility of genius.

There is only one serious objection to such activity as one meets with in the writer of *Without Prejudice ;* and I do not know that it should trouble any one who does not undertake, like the conscientious reviewer, to go through with the book from the beginning to the end at one sitting. But this slow and jaded person does wish that Mr. Zangwill would sit down and rest from the epigram and the paradox now and then. What would not a few moments of sobriety and repose, even of the historical manner, do for the acrobat of wit? "The books which gain a reputation for brilliance are those which are witty at wide intervals ; the writer who scintillates steadily stands in his own light." So we quote Mr. Zangwill against himself. Once, it is true, out of London and in Venice, he grows a bit quiet, and drops into the Thackerayan manner and the accent of the classics ; but not for long. And there is another thing for Mr. Zangwill to remember. A published volume is other reading than magazine columns. It should make pretensions to the permanent and a literary character. And it should not burden posterity with all the odds and ends, all the clap-trap of the journalistic equipment. But Mr. Zangwill cannot, and never could select. Unlike Sentimental Tommy, he has not that last gift of the genius and the artist, the gift of omission.

The best appreciation of Mr. Zangwill, the journalist, is, as a fact, based on reminiscence rather than on the present collection of his once current *causeries.* There is no more shining example of the vivacious journalist than he—of the man who makes an art of seizing the current fad, the passing discussion, and of dressing it up in the picturesque absurdity of a paradox or an epithet that sticks in the memory. For his subtler qualities of humour, one must go to *The Children of the Ghetto ;* but though the laugh is louder here, the handling more broad, as a rule, the individuality of the writer is still a permanent and delightful fact. It is that which made the *causeries* in their current publication so immensely readable. One may tire of perpetual fireworks on every page ; but think of the entertainment a brief exhibition of them used to afford in the monthly columns of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, when one had been present for several weeks at the jaded, the trite, the colourless symposiums of much critical journalism. Mr. Zangwill's great and tireless curiosity is an immense stimulant to the droning spirit.

Edith Baker Brown.

THE THISTLE EDITION OF MR. BARRIE'S WORKS.*

No author during the last decade has suffered so much at the hands of predatory publishers as Mr. J. M. Barrie. Despite the fact that he counts among his warmest friends and aumirers the great American reading public, it is only with his last two books, *Sentimental Tommy* and *Margaret Ogilvy*, that he has begun to receive any revenue from his books in this country. To be sure, *The Little Minister* was protected by copyright in America, but all that Mr. Barrie has ever received from the United States for this book is the magnificent sum of two hundred and fifty dollars ! So much of his 'prentice work and journalistic writing has been gathered in this country into book form, in which the author never intended it to perpetuate itself, that we are now glad to have a definitive edition of his published work, and to know just what books the author is willing to stand up to. By these eight volumes, then, Mr. Barrie

* The Novels, Tales, and Sketches of J. M. Barrie. Illustrated. Thistle Edition. 8 vols. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. $16.00.

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must be judged. They represent a body of literature which a young man of thirty-six may well be proud of; and strange to say, the bulk of these volumes is made up of the very stuff that was least expected to win in permanent form. This is better explained by quoting what Mr. Barrie says in his introduction to the first volume, which contains *Auld Licht Idylls*:

"I was leading a lonely life in London," he says, "and not another editor" (Frederick Greenwood had published many of the chapters of *Auld Licht Idylls* in the *St. James's Gazette*) "could I find in the land willing to print the Scotch dialect. The magazines, Scotch and English, would have nothing to say to me. I think I tried them all with 'The Courting of T'nowhead's Bell,' but it never found shelter until it got within book covers. In time, however, I found another paper, the *British Weekly*, with an editor as bold as my first (or shall we say he suffered from the same infirmity?). He revived my drooping hopes, and I was again able to turn to the only kind of literary work I now seemed to have much interest in. He let me sign my articles, which was a big step for me, and led to my having requests for work from elsewhere, but always the invitations said, 'Not Scotch; the public will not read dialect.' By that time I had put together from these two sources and from my drawerful of rejected stories *Auld Licht Idylls*, and in its collected form it again went the rounds. I offered it to certain firms as a gift, but they would not have it even at that. And then on a day came actually an offer for it from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. For this, and for many another kindness, I had the editor of the *British Weekly* to thank."

The Scotch stories comprised in the Thistle Edition are *Auld Licht Idylls; A Window in Thrums; When a Man's Single; The Little Minister; Sentimental Tommy*, and *Margaret Ogilvy;* the others being *Better Dead*, *An Edinburgh Eleven*, and *My Lady Nicotine*. These are all that Mr. Barrie considers worthy to have included in a final edition of his books, so far as they have already been published.

"Among novelists," Mr. Quiller-Couch has said, "there are some whom we love; others to whom we are accustomed; and others again whom we are constrained to respect for their commercial agility." The last two classes, we should say, compel us to gratitude, but Mr. Barrie, who differs from them in most respects, conciliates our love. To tell a story of Thrums as Marion Crawford would tell it, for instance, little more is needed than a bold heart and a tourist's excursion ticket. To tell it in Mr. Barrie's manner you must be born and bred there, and, what is more, must have grandparents buried there. Thrums is in his blood, with all its traditions of obscure toil and sombre zeal for religion. What we get in the work of Mr. Barrie is the spiritual counterpart of the man. That pathos which enters so profoundly into it is the rarest of plants; its roots must reach deep in native earth and be nourished there for generations before it will put forth a bud. Any deep utterance that has taken hold of the human mind has, first of all, come from the deep river of human life, fed by many tributaries. It is because Mr. Barrie's work has issued from the depths of that life which has gathered force during the years of religious and intellectual struggle in Scotland, and been touched and ennobled in that process of alchemy which we can only define as genius, that whatever he writes goes deep into the hearts of others and makes its abiding place there. No writer of our century, perhaps, has so fastened on the affections of his readers, with the exception of Thackeray and Stevenson.

It is hard to believe that Mr. Barrie will ever surpass the work he has done in *A Window in Thrums;* this and *Margaret Ogilvy*, his latest book, will go down to posterity together. The secret is not far to seek. In the introduction to *A Window in Thrums* he says that anything in "Jess" that was rare or beautiful she had from his mother. "The imaginary woman came to me as I looked into the eyes of the real one." Again he says: "It is the love of mother and son that has written everything of mine that is of any worth." There is still another fact in connection with this book which will make it precious to those who have known a great sorrow. "The older I grow," says Mr. Barrie, "and the sadder the things I see, the more do I wish my books to be bright and hopeful," and well does he say so, for *A Window in Thrums* is a sadder book to him than it can ever be to any one else. When the *édition de luxe* of *A Window in Thrums*, with etchings by William Hole, R.S.A., was published in 1892, the dedication ran thus: "To the flower of manhood, one in a lovely and mournful story, the late Rev. James Winter, M.A., Free Church Minister of Bower, Caithness, whom two will always see upon the Brae till they also cross it for the last time." The

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Rev. James Winter was a highly promising young minister who was thrown from his horse and killed just a few months after he had been ordained to the pastorate at Bower, Caithness. Mr. Barrie's sister was to have been married to Mr. Winter in three weeks had he lived. The following letter, a copy of which I have in my possession, was written by Mr. Barrie, and was read at the funeral services :

"KIRRIEMUIR, May 11, 1892.

"*To the Session and Congregation of the Free Church of Bower :*

"To you, at the grave of him who was in three weeks' time to become her husband, my sister sends her love. She has not physical strength to be with you just now in body, but she is with you in spirit, and God is near her, and she is not afraid. You are her loved ones, for it was you who, under God, called him to Bower, and gave him the manse to which he was about to bring her, and, as he loved you, she loves you. God, who gave His Son for the redemption of the world, has told her that He had need of the disciple's life also, and that he died to bring his people of Bower to God's knees. So God chose His own way, and took her Jim, her dear young minister, and she says, God's will be done ; and she thanks Him for taking away so suddenly only one who was ready to face his Maker without a moment's warning. His great goodness, she says to you, in not taking some one who was unprepared, is her comfort, and should be yours. And she prays that Mr. Winter's six months' ministry among you, and his death among you while doing his duty, has borne and will continue to bear good fruit. And always she will so pray, and she asks you to pray for her. And she says that you are not to grieve for her overmuch, for she is in God's keeping.

"This is a word from her brother, who cannot leave her to come to the funeral of his dearest friend, the purest soul I have ever known. It is a word about her. You have never seen her, but you knew him, and they have always been so alike in the depths of their religious feelings, in their humility, and in many other things you knew about him, and loved him for, that you may always think of them as one. There were four years and a half of their love-story, and it began the hour they first met. It never had a moment's break ; there was always something pathetic about it, for they never parted, and they never wrote but solemnly and tenderly, as if it might be for the last time. The wistfulness of his face, which you must all have noticed, meant early death. They both felt that the one would soon be taken from the other, though he thought that he would be the survivor. Theirs was so pure a love that God was ever part of it. Let all the youth of Bower remember that there is no other love between man and woman save that.

"J. M. BARRIE."

As to *Margaret Ogilvy*, with its profound pathos and sunny humour, our readers will turn with pleasure to what Mrs. Richmond Ritchie has to say of this great idyll of motherhood in her review of the book in these columns. *Margaret Ogilvy*, as has been said, "is a book which it is almost sacrilegious to criticise. It takes us into a region where there is no longer any relation but the common tie of humanity between author and reader. Yet just because it is so inaccessible to ordinary comment, it is easy to place the volume. It stands unmatched in literature as an idyll of the divinest of human feelings—a mother's love. It pictures one of those rare lives at once so transparent and so deep that they may endure any scrutiny. It lifts the veil from a family interior where faith, purity, and tenderness are native to the daily life, and as it is in the highest range of emotions that the depth and feeling of the soul are best realised, this is Mr. Barrie's finest and noblest book. For thought is before knowledge and love is greater than either, because it is the spirit of both."

Mr. Barrie states that this is the only American edition of his books produced with his sanction, and to this authorisation it need only be added that the publishers have put forth every effort to do homage to the beauty of Mr. Barrie's work by clothing it in a form that is beautiful in its finish and workmanship. In handling the works of authors and arranging them for complete and final publication, the Messrs. Scribner have shown a superior taste in bookmaking, the rapid development of which is readily seen in comparing the Thistle Edition of Stevenson with this edition of Barrie, which, to our thinking, is much better and finer. At least no one can complain now that there is no good uniform edition of Mr. Barrie's books, and that it is with difficulty one can learn how many volumes purporting to be by him are really published by his authority.

James MacArthur.

MARGARET OGILVY.*

BY HER SON, J. M. BARRIE.

Although this book is called by the name of the writer, and that of his mother, it is anonymous in so far that it concerns many mothers and many sons ; it goes into few details, but by a series

* Margaret Ogilvy. By her Son, J. M. Barrie. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons $1 25.

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of gentle impressions and shocks of sympathy it produces its effects.

This little book is more like a tune sounding from a long way off, and appealing to our hearts with a sweet ripple of accompanying filial laughter and motherly humour withal.

As one tries to remember the tributary cairns raised by filial pride and tenderness to a parent's memory, it is almost a surprise to find how easily one can count them up. How few there are which have set their mark in our minds. It is not enough even for a mother to lavish affection upon a child in order to make that feeling interesting to others; it requires two for mutual love, and to strike that happy responding chord which mutual love creates. Also, there should be a touch of humour, too, even in the deepest affections, to set other people at their ease; for humour means the admitting of other and wider sympathy. Madame de Sévigné herself, that celebrated mother, is more loved for her own charming sake perhaps than for her devotion to her unrequiting daughter. There was also St. Augustine and his mother, but they seem a little beyond our reach as we look at their picture over the chimney-piece. Carlyle would have been delighted with his mother if he had been a little less prejudiced in her favour; but he was too disproportionate in his feelings for us to be able to sympathise with him quite comfortably.

The small book before us is all the more interesting because of its due proportions and the sweet and convincing relations between the gentle, understanding parent and her gifted son. A state of things not so very rare, though rarely written down. Let us be thankful that simple links forged by life itself are common enough, after all. Death does not darken them, for they shine beyond death, nor does long use weary, for they are ever new, and as much a part of the giver and the taker as the best of their very hearts.

Of the Barrie home itself and the house in the small red city in Scotland very little is told us.

"On the day I was born we bought six hair-bottom chairs," says Mr. Barrie, "and in our little house it was an event. . . . I so often heard the tale afterward, and shared as boy and man in so many similar triumphs that the coming of the chairs seems to be something I remember as if I had jumped out of bed on that first day and run down to see how they looked."

So he begins his story, and in the same simple fashion it continues to the end. The mother had many children to love her; some of them were older than the son who now writes. There is a touching letter quoted about the death of a little sister, who had been sent away to her grandfather's care.

"The grandfather died," says Mr. Barrie, "exactly a week after writing this letter, but my mother was to live another forty-four years, and joys of a kind never shared in by him were to come to her so abundantly, so long drawn out, that strange as it would have seemed to him to know it, her fuller life had scarce begun; and with the joys were to come their sweet, frightened comrades, pain and grief."

It is not fair to the short book to quote, as one would like to do, page after page, in which the story is told by a sort of heavenly algebra, a few signs doing duty for all the unknown quantities of living, hoping, loving, fearing. It is the quiet housewife, the thoughtful mother, who discerns what is yet unknown in the mind of the growing boy. "The wench I should have been courting now was journalism," he says, "that grisette of literature, who has a smile and a hand for all beginners;" and how charming is the account of the way in which he abandons "leaders" for something more personal to himself and his native land. There is the delightful story of the first success in literature.

"There came to me, as unlooked for as a telegram, the thought that there was something quaint about my native place. A boy who found that a knife had been put into his pocket in the night could not have been more surprised. . . . When I sent off that first sketch I thought I had exhausted the subject, but our editor wrote that he would like something more of the same sort, so I sent him a marriage, and he took it, and then I tried him with a funeral, and he took it, and really it began to look as if we had him."

His mother was alarmed lest the editor should have been mistaken.

"She wanted to know by return of post whether I was paid for these articles as much as I was paid for real articles; when she heard that I was paid better, she laughed again and had them out of the bandbox for re-reading, and it cannot be denied that she thought the London editor a fine fellow but slightly soft. . . . How

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well I could hear her saying between the lines: 'But the editor-man will never stand that.'"

Then comes the delightful advice from the mother to her son as to how he was to behave himself in London.

"I went laden with charges, to walk in the middle of the street (they jump out on you as you are turning a corner), never to venture forth after sunset and always to lock up everything (I who could never lock up anything, except my heart in company)."

His mother—who used as a little girl to carry her father's mid-day meal into the fields—loved books and literature as any lady might who had never anything else to think about. Of course she read all that "James" wrote, and "in so far as my articles were concerned, she nearly always laughed in the wrong place," says her son. He describes her long day of toil and thought:

"As daylight goes she follows it with her sewing to the window, and gets another needleful out of it, as one may run after a departed visitor for a last word; but now the gas is lit, and no longer is it shameful to sit down to literature. If the book be a story by George Eliot or Mrs. Oliphant—her favourites (and mine) among women novelists—or if it be a Carlyle, and we move softly, she will read, entranced, for hours. Her delight in Carlyle was so well known that various good people would send her books that contained a page about him. She could place her finger on any passage wanted on the biography as promptly as though she were looking for some article in her own drawer, and given a date she was often able to tell you what they were doing in Cheyne Row that day. Carlyle, she decided, was not so much an ill man to live with as one who needed a deal of managing, but when I asked if she thought she could have managed him, she only replied with a modest smile that meant, 'Oh no!' but had the face of 'Sal, I would have liked to try.'"

"There were times, she held, when Carlyle must have made his wife a glorious woman.

"'As when?' I might enquire.

"'When she keeked in at his study door and said to herself, "The whole world is ringing with his fame, and he is my man!"'

"'And then,' I might point out, 'he would roar to her to shut the door.'

"'Pooh!' said my mother, 'a man's roar is neither here nor there.' But her verdict as a whole was, 'I would rather have been his mother than his wife.'"

Nor can we omit to quote the sentence about Gladstone. Gladstone was, and there was an end of it in her practical philosophy. "I would have liked fine to be that Gladstone's mother," she says.

Of the making of books there is no end, and of the reading thereof. There are the dull, the vulgar, the silly books; there are the books which, as we have said, have music in them, and sing to us. There are some books, again, which feed the hungry, and some which seem to take one by the hand, at times, and to pull one up out of the slough of despondency. There are also, and this has been proved, the books which are infectious, infectious with morbid fever and impatience, with ugly, selfish fancies, with hatred of order and cleanly ways and decorum. The literature of the lower Self is all the vogue just now, and comes pouring with the rest along the great stream that carries so many of us along with it, as we cling to our boards and rafts, to our volumes, branded, decorated, and labelled. But who will deny that in the great up-surging of print, among all these repetitions and platitudes and shrieking defiances and voluble repetitions, there are certain voices speaking alone straight from the heart, and reaching to ours? This one tells of a quality which has been among us all from the beginning of time, and which will not cease while humanity endures. It is the tender force which binds generations together.

So it happens that in this little book of *Margaret Ogilvy* we come upon a most original, humorous elegy of tender sobs and laughter, which I think few among us could listen to unrespondingly. This history of a mother's tender pride in her gifted son, of his love for her, is happily a very old one, but it is so newly and sweetly told that as one reads, it seems almost like a discovery that parents and their children are living round about us loving and trusting in each other still.

Anne Thackeray Ritchie.

MR. BURROUGHS'S STUDY OF WALT WHITMAN.*

There will stand in the annals of American literature, to some of us, the picture of two men walking back and forth under the night, into the small hours of the morning, earnestly striving with one another. One was the prophet of self-reliance, the other the man he prophesied. It is not without its significance that those who have been too conscientious to appreciate Whitman

* Whitman: A Study. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

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should have arrayed themselves against the most consummate conscience that modern literature has produced. Coming to us, who belong to the younger generation, with the witness of scorn upon his name, known at first only as an old man dying slowly—divine or unmentionable—in a suburb of Philadelphia, apparently in a kind of literary poorhouse, living on the charity he had defied, it was not until we had emerged from a sedulously guarded ignorance that it came to us that this bluff invalid, lying on a couch in innumerable pictures, this figure with its great benediction of a beard, its sturdy lovableness, was perhaps the most heroic and gentle and immovable figure in American letters.

It is not Mr. Burroughs's fault that the public has not learned to read introductions in the way they are written—afterward, and there is no occasion to hold him responsible for what is the most serious objection to his book, the fact that everybody will read it. Mr. Burroughs comes to his subject with that apprenticeship of living out-of-doors for fifty or sixty years, which is necessary to a larger interpretation of Whitman. Perhaps it is the out-door habit, with its vast way of measuring a book, of keeping it small and sane, but it would be hard to find in recent literary criticism a more masterfully unfinished book than this, or one which, in saying as much as it does, sets itself more beautifully aside. The author of "Wake Robin" has been in a morning mood toward this old world of ours ever since he began to write. There is something afterward in Mr. Burroughs. He never sees for any one. He sends them seeing. The hills and the day and the song and the woods are always—not just beyond—but just this side his words, and beyond them too. It is fitting that he should come to us with one of the world's morning men, in whose baffling personality there is yet to some of us so much more of the night than of the dawn, whose great spirit, still lying across the east, is the symbol of so many doubts and prophecies in American life. While it has been only superficially true that his enemies have been the making of him, perhaps the most impervious proof of the reality of Whitman's influence among men of letters has been the way his figure has continued to loom in contemporary thought in spite of his friends. He has been the laureate of fools. They have thrown themselves at his feet. He has been canonised in the worst English that ever has been written. He has been decorated with metaphors that had never been seen on sea or land. He has been impressively robed in burlap and wreathed in excelsior, and made one of the mockeries of the world. Men who have been distinguished for their possession of critical judgment have lost their heads as well as their hearts to him. It is only after climbing over a barricade of adjectives that ordinary men have had a chance to get at him at all. It has always been hard to be fair to Aristides because he was called just, a pitiful but indomitable tendency in human nature which the Whitman *littérateur* has overlooked. It may be said that Walt almost never had a friend who did not make it harder for him to be himself, except the safely illiterate ones. Ralph Waldo Emerson was, perhaps, his outlet to the cultivated world, but even Emerson at the turning-point of his career did all he could to persuade him to put up with being a poet instead of a prophet, spent hour after hour in trying to restrain him from that further faithfulness to his vision—the one thing which will be looked upon at last as the most heroic instance of artistic spirit in the history of letters. With the exception of Emerson, consistent enough to wish his friend Godspeed in defying him, though not prophet enough to see why, Mr. Burroughs, with this book of his, will prove to be the most effective friend that Walt Whitman has had.

Not without the failings as well as the advantages of the ego-centric system which he defends in his hero, Mr. Burroughs writes with an outlook wider, both by birth and acquirement, than the other Whitman followers, with some of whom we have had reason to feel that the good gray poet was their sole experience, their whole human race. A recent critic in a sectarian paper has expressed the regret that an author like John Burroughs should see fit to take the time to write an elaborate study of Whitman. He does not suggest what particular bird or beast he would have considered more worthy.

In a world which has never forgiven

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any one for defying it except by worshipping him, it would seem to be almost time for a normal, an instructed man to look upon prejudice as the decoration of the Legion of Honour. Entirely aside from what the issue may have been, any man, in any age of this lumbering, foolish old world, who has looked it full in the face on any point whatever and gone mightily on his way, who has set himself against it, who has stood for one divine or devilish moment utterly by himself, is worthy the study of all mankind for centuries, if only as a problem in force with earthquakes and volcanoes and landslides and winds and the mighty growing of the grass.

Mr. Burroughs's masterpiece might have been a river or a robin or a streak of winter sunshine, but a man like this —a world-man, a world-measured man, measured like all other elemental forces by the power of resistance, is a worthy addition to Mr. Burroughs's study of birds. It is worth a nation's while to live and struggle and die to produce a single man who is not afraid of it. If that man be an artist, let us have great expectations of art. There is more moral stimulus in one human being who does the world a world-wide wrong, who defies the whole of it with a mistake, than in a dozen thousand of us who do our pretty right with shaking knees or complacently or in a crowd. Courage may have been the only art that Whitman had, but if we can keep the thought of it a holy relic of what a man can be, let us by all means do it until a man is born to us, if only as a sacred, though highly immoral reminder of the timely query, "Which of us would have dared to do what Whitman did, even if we had believed?"

Selecting for his heroism or effrontery, whichever it may have been, the one axiom of all others permeating theology, art, and literature, and the inmost thought, it remains to be admitted that purely from an artistic point of view Walt Whitman has given to the world an example, the moral and spiritual and æsthetic tone of which can never be estimated in its penetrative effect, until, with the daring of beauty and the passion and the habit of truth, the artists of this modern world have walked like gods, with their brothers or without them, immovably at peace in the centre of strife, with freedom and gentleness and love singing, like the good gray poet, to the end of their days the world that spurns them. No one has ever more signally illustrated that transfiguration of martyrdom which is coming to be one of the great, slow, culminating processes of our time than this man of the *Leaves of Grass*. Taking the manfullest short-cut to reality that has ever been taken in the realm of letters, his attitude toward the truth he could not otherwise than speak is the first and the mightiest token of that epic of purity and candour, that looking into the soul of life, that gazing into the face of God, which is to be the glory of modern art, which with its huge thankfulness for being alive in a faithful universe, beginning but yesterday to take the crape from death, is moving on to-day to take away the shame from birth.

Mr. Burroughs's book would be vastly more effective as a missionary masterpiece if it could be said that he has carried his catholic comradeship far enough to cover the Whitman negations for us. Whitman was not addicted to lifting his eyes to heaven and crying, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" and while in a personal sense it was sufficient to say that Walt's opinion of himself was not at all disagreeable in the man, it is a serious critical blemish in a comprehensive study not to recognise the world-importance that these same faults must take upon themselves in the art and philosophy of the poet. In Mr. Burroughs's work the objections stated are all in the third person. We are left to look forward to that more conclusive estimate of the poet which will be full of the delight, the enthusiasm that Walt had the right to have about himself, will at the same time not fail to emphasise how far short he fell of his own ideal in not knowing that he did. It will miss in Whitman that humbleness before the universe which alone could make him "cosmic," that still sublimer imagination—the human soul walking softly before its Maker under the hush of the stars—vast in its littleness. It will rank him as an artist who never transcended himself, who never looked back upon himself, or down upon himself, who walked a mighty child before the heavens and the earth to the end of his days, who, lacking the humour and the religion that were the awful and

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beautiful grace of Carlyle, conceived a human race that could boast.

Looking too near for his God, as the world has always looked too far, he stands at once as the rebuke of our human theology and the proof that it is true, the token of our modern time that we shall never have a colossal poet until he comes who shall respect the spirit and the body, who shall cease to criticise creation when he prays, but who in the same song shall bear to the gates of heaven the glory of the Soul, and abase it before its Maker—a humble, guilty thing, with the worship of penitence and the splendour of awe and the epic of Sin, and the infinite silence on its lips. The great poet shall be he who shall convert theology to the world that God has made, whose soul shall be the coming of the world to the truth that theology was for, calling to us, poets and men heroes and children dreamers and doers all alike, out of the Shadow where a Man once died, with a heart for humanity that was great enough to leave a broken song upon the earth—a song which can only be finished as the generations come and pass by those whose voices hesitate, whose lives and dreams are ofttimes silenced as they go through Sorrow as beautiful as Joy.

Gerald Stanley Lee.

HOW TO LISTEN TO MUSIC.*

Some one has wittily said that the book which is easiest to review is that in which the critic differs with the author on every point. If the reverse of this were true, the present reviewer would have a difficult task before him, for Mr. Krehbiel has given us a most useful and timely book, and one which, as no one who frequents our concert-rooms can deny, has long been needed.

It is, indeed, strange that with regard to music, the art of all arts most extensively cultivated and almost universally beloved, there should be such a lack of understanding and of intelligent criticism on the part of the great majority of listeners. That such conditions prevail would be patent to any one who might attend half a dozen concerts in New York, and converse with those around him. As Mr. Krehbiel says :

"It is not an exaggeration to say that one might listen for a lifetime to the polite conversation of our drawing-rooms without hearing a symphony talked about in terms indicative of more than the most superficial knowledge of the outward form—that is, the dimensions and apparatus of such a composition ; and you will find that the most common words in the terminology of the art are constantly misapplied."

How many people, when listening to a great virtuoso, such as Rubinstein or Paderewski, reflect that the artist is scarcely any more on trial than they themselves, and that by their discriminating applause and attention, or lack of these, they are giving the performer a very clear idea of their own musical calibre, insight, and cultivation. The great point is not so much what we think of the artist, as what his opinion is of us.

Mr. Krehbiel modestly remarks that his book is not intended for the musical professor and scholar. Its business is with those who love music, but who have not studied as these are supposed to study. To such it cannot fail to be a great aid and stimulus, and the professional musician will find much in it that is both pertinent and suggestive. The first chapter outlines the purpose and scope of the book, and contains a plain statement of present conditions. Some amusing instances of musical blunders by literary men are cited, such as that in "Snubbin' through Jersey," where Brushes brings out his violoncello and plays "the symphonies of Beethoven" to entertain his fellow canal-boat passengers, and the report of a St. Louis newspaper, protesting against the heaviness of an orchestra conductor's programmes, and demanding some of the "lighter" works of Berlioz and Palestrina! Some wholesome truths are spoken with regard to the two classes of musical writers, the pedants and the rhapsodists :

"The pedants are not harmful, because they are not interesting. The harmful men are the foolish rhapsodists who take advantage of the fact that the language of music is indeterminate and evanescent, to talk about the art in such a way as to present themselves as persons of exquisite sensibilities rather than to direct attention to the real nature and beauty of music itself."

And later ;

* How to Listen to Music. By Henry E. Krehbiel. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

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"When such writing is popular it is difficult to make men and women believe that they may be just as susceptible to the influence of music as the child Mozart . . . yet listen to it without once feeling the need of taking leave of their senses or wandering away from sanity."

What constitutes Classical music, Absolute music, Programme, Chamber, Romantic music? In the chapter on the content and kinds of music this is discussed and the different characteristics admirably stated. Particularly good is this on Classicism and Romanticism:

"Classical composers are those of the first rank who have developed music to the highest pitch of perfection on its formal side, and, in obedience to generally accepted laws, preferring æsthetic beauty, pure and simple, over emotional content, refusing to sacrifice form to characteristic expression. Romantic composers are those who have sought their ideals in other regions and striven to give expression to them, irrespective of the restrictions and limitations of form and the conventions of law—composers with whom, in brief, content outweighs manner."

This definition is one of the justest and most precise in the whole range of musical literature.

There are chapters on the orchestra, pianoforte recitals, the opera, choirs, and choral music, all suggestive, which for lack of space can only be mentioned. One fact not generally known, related in the chapter on choirs, is of great interest, however. It is that the credit of organising the first amateur mixed choir for the cultivation of artistic choral music belongs to the United States, the Stoughton (Mass.) Musical Society having been founded in 1786, five years before the *Singakademie* in Berlin, which has generally been supposed to be the oldest in existence.

The most important truth advanced in the whole book is that of the necessity of a recognition of form in a composition for its proper enjoyment. *Divide et impera* is an old saying, but one as essential in music as in logic; for any real appreciation of the beauty of a composition, which means "recognition of the qualities which put it in the realm of art," is conditional upon intelligent hearing—that is, discrimination and classification. Mr. Krehbiel points out that the fundamental principle of form is repetition of melodies, and he analyses a creole song illustrating how a single feature may serve as a mark of identification, so that if it appear later it may be instantly recognised and the composer's design rendered clear.

"It is not necessary for a listener to follow all the processes of a composer in order to enjoy his music, but if he cultivates the habit of following the principal themes through a work . . . he will not only enjoy the pleasures of memory, but will get a glimpse into the composer's purposes, which will stimulate his imagination and mightily increase his enjoyment."

It is all very well to say with the feigned Faust: "*Grau . . . ist alle Theorie*," but, in simple fact, a little *theorie* of the kind advocated by Mr. Krehbiel in his most admirable and interesting book would prove a golden key to many, and would disclose a world of beauty and enjoyment unknown before.

Ronald M. Grant.

THE CARISSIMA.*

Lucas Malet is one of the few clever novelists of the day who saves her strength; who does not feel it necessary to have an output of several novels yearly, and, in consequence, whose work is mature, complete, and intensely vital. The series of volumes which, at long intervals, she has given to the public are literature in the fullest sense of the word, and they are also vividly alive. We feel the restless time-spirit stirring in them, and realise their wonderful insight into the intimate mental and emotional struggles of a modern soul.

In each novel Lucas Malet appears capable of viewing these struggles from an entirely fresh standpoint. In *Mrs. Lorimer* and *Colonel Enderby's Wife* we had two brilliant and capable novels of social life. They were followed by *A Counsel of Perfection*, a delicate and pathetic description of a shut-in and lonely woman's longing for greater fulness of life, her beautiful self-sacrifice to duty, and the rather half-hearted attempt at her rescue made by Anthony Hammond, the gently cynical lover, who is half relieved at his own failure. Six years ago this was followed by *The Wages of Sin*, one of the most powerful, virile, and daringly realistic books of our day; dealing boldly, yet with fullest sympathy, with the great problem of the relations of man and woman.

* The Carissima. By Lucas Malet. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.50.

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Now we have once more a new book from the same hand, marking another epoch in her development, yet showing the same power of dealing with life as a whole, the good as well as the evil, the pathetic nobility, the humorous, genial kindliness, the piteous backslidings, the futile successes, and the triumphant failures of average humanity.

The Carissima is a haunting, grisly story. It brings us face to face with a horrible phantasm which saps the life of a strong man—a wild fancy which seizes on him in the delirium of a tropical fever, and from which (though sane in all else) he can never shake himself free. We feel the strength and the horror of it. We realise it all the more keenly, perhaps, from the relief into which it is thrown by the commonplace, every-day life which stands contrasted with it.

The *dramatis personæ* are assembled in a big Swiss hotel, among the usual mixed crowd of

"Persons who in the security of their moist island homes are well bred and really quite delightful, but become as awkward as chased hens in an hotel. Most English are born with their feet glued to little round green stands, like the ladies and gentlemen of Noah's Ark. To see them unglued, as in foreign travel, is to see them at a disadvantage."

The story of this weird obsession is supposed to be told in a half cynical, half sympathetic manner, by the same Anthony Hammond who failed so entirely to rise to an heroic pitch in the former novel where he appeared. His passion for analysis makes him relish the dramatic possibilities of life, while his natural goodness of heart makes him something more than a mere unmoved spectator. He realises the peril of his friend, and his one hope of rescue, in a great and absorbing passion. But will the girl, whom his friend, Constantine Leversedge, loves, prove equal to the emergency?

She is the fascinating daughter, "eminently distinguished for her modernity," of entirely commonplace parents. She is essentially artificial, a creature of pose, and (in justice it must be owned), never ineffective; though Hammond finds her "never quite in focus." She is called by the pet name of *la carissima*. Her parents are content to act as her chorus. Her rat-faced, pretentious father, with his ceaseless flow of quotation, is never weary of praising her. Her placid, moon-faced mother, with her secret yearnings for the old days of poverty in the bow-fronted villa at Brixton, blindly worships her. To her lover, she is at times incomprehensible. He asks her for a flower.

"'You see this bunch of roses,' she replies; 'it is very lovely, isn't it? The scheme of colour is perfect (you feel colour, don't you, Mr. Hammond?). Do not let Constantine coerce me into marring its perfection. Plead for it. You are a poet. Save it, for is it not a poem?'

"'Is it?' Leversedge said. 'Well, then, give me a verse to stick in my buttonhole.'

"'Ah,' she murmurs, 'a verse! But the context, Constantine; don't you perceive you would annihilate the context?'

"'Annihilate the what?' Leversedge asked in bewilderment. 'I only want one of your roses.'"

How will such a woman rise to the occasion when brought face to face with the problem of a phantom-ridden, ghost-tormented soul?

The Carissima is the apotheosis of artificiality, the ultimate fact of sophistication. Her affectation is so much a part of her that any purely natural impulse seems less real with her than the purely studied effect, just as a wreath of field daisies accentuates a painted face. She is a false note in nature. In art (of the kind which requires special lights and a given point of view) she is supreme. Her effects are calculated to a nicety. They never fail her under imagined conditions, but will they stand the shock of sudden juxtaposition with the horror of primitive force and abysmal possibilities? Will her educated incredulity descend to believe in it? Will the faint feeling for the abnormal, which emerges in the latter stages of culture, quicken in her some real perception of her lover's woeful need? Under the advice of Hammond Leversedge confides his distress to her. He is full of rapture at her reception of his confession. To Hammond she expresses herself—

"'It has no terror for me. It supplies the touch of mystery which was lacking. If Constantine knew how to use it, it might be tremendous and splendid. He might dominate society.'"

She is bitterly hurt that Hammond does not appear to understand her point of view; and she cries out that he "cruelly misreads her," that "it was not of myself I was thinking," but "solely and exclusively of him." "He

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must either sink under it or find his romance in it."

Can such a woman help a man who has seen "the Thing too Much," and especially in a world which relegates the supernatural to "the at present somewhat over-populated country of Exploded Ideas; or only permits its existence in the form of some derangement of nerve ganglia or of the intestines?" A world in which, to put it concisely, "the pill has superseded the prayer."

Such is the problem which Lucas Malet presents to her readers. To many her riddle may appear insoluble. Perhaps some hint of its solution may be traced in the opening words of the first chapter:

"Few persons (Hammond said) are truthful; yet the complete and experienced liar is rare. A really great lie, whether spoken or acted, is the supreme expression of a nature."

It is a weird and powerful book. The conflicting elements which underlie the prosaic surface of modern existence meet in it with a clash of sentiment. The horrible confronts the grotesque. The mystery and terror of it are untouched by subtlety and sophistication. We feel that simplicity and directness of soul are the only real clues which might unravel its complexity.

Marie Giles.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.*

Hamerton during his lifetime exercised a great influence in his own country, and still more in America. He did not alter people's thoughts, but he set them thinking about thinking, or rather about a thoughtful and profitably ordered life. As an educator of the public taste in art he did a great deal, and mostly in the right direction. As an interpreter to his own country of France, the country of his adoption, his work was important and beneficent. To account for his influence is not quite so simple; for in nothing was he first-rate save in the earnestness of his convictions, in his serious purpose to get as much truth and beauty into his life as he had capacity for, and to give as much out. But his autobiography and the memoir by Mrs. Hamerton help toward a further explanation.

He was born as far removed from the kind of things and the influences his soul craved for as was possible; and he fought his way all along the line, through narrowness and false ideals, to what seemed to him a right philosophy of life and art. And indeed it was a fair and wholesome one he reached. Heir to no intellectual or artistic heritage, save his own native abilities, his progress was struggling and self-conscious. He was the better teacher.

His own personal history was seamed with painful incidents, and perhaps the wretched memories of his childhood and his own later suffering are enough to account for the extremely sober tone of the book. There is not a smile anywhere, save in the few bright letters from Stevenson which are given. If the *bonhomie* of the artist, the genial *flânerie* of the camper-out were his, they are carefully excluded from the very serious account of himself in these pages. He was a great worker, and the book speaks only of work. He had struggled himself free from the religious opinions of his surroundings, taking the matter very much to heart at the time. His schools were not of much use to him. His main studies were done outside them, and he became as great a heretic in education as in theology. Determined to be an artist, he sought for training, and what he got was so bad that worse could not be imagined. Ruskin's influence was growing to its height—so far as technique went, an influence incalculably harmful.

"In the course of the year 1853," he writes, "I corresponded with Mr. Ruskin about my studies, and I have no doubt of the perfect sincerity of his advice and the kindness of intention with which it was given; but it tended directly to encourage the idea that art could be learned from nature, and that is an immense mistake. Nature does not teach art, or anything resembling it; she only provides materials. Art is a product of the human mind, the slow growth of centuries. If you reject this, and go to nature, you have to begin all over again, the objection being that one human life is not long enough for that."

But he came slowly to that knowledge. He wasted valuable years, but he struggled into the light at last, became one of the most intelligent and catholic of art critics, a painstaking and most successful populariser of artistic

* Philip Gilbert Hamerton. An Autobiography, 1834–1858. And a Memoir by his Wife, 1858–1894. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $3.00.

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methods and ideals. All the arts he practised he learnt late, save writing, and that is why he was fitter to discourse on them than many to whom their practice was more native. His many ambitions, his abundant curiosity, made his life a very full one, and the entries in his diaries of plans and resolutions are both awe-inspiring to the idlers and pathetic.

"Determined to-day to study the copper Albert Dürer 80 hours, having given 83 to the wood-cuts. . . . I shall also give 40 hours to Kreuzer's violin studies, and have already practised them 24, which leaves 16. I shall now commence a course of poetical reading, beginning with 50 hours of Chaucer, etc."

It sounds pedantic. This, however, is how a teacher learns. It was not that he was lacking in spontaneity, but that he carried the faddy habits of studious youth all his life long, joining them to the anxious ambition of middle age. He preferred chronicling method to sentiment—perhaps he had not much of the latter, for after telling how a young lady rejected his offer of marriage, he says, with cold common sense, "I never could understand why men make themselves wretched after a refusal." If he had felt at all on the occasion he would have felt strongly, for whatever he did he did strenuously, whether it was boat-building, or etching, or reading for *The Intellectual Life*, or writing criticism for the *Saturday Review*, or altering his house, or planning new works that should make plainer to others the things he loved and had found consolation in. It would be an inspiriting story, did it not also tell the terrible cost to his nervous system.

The life of this lover of woods, this hater of cities, should have had a less dry and rigid rendering. But there are romantic passages, and one of these describes the coming of his young bride from Paris to the little island of Innistrynich in Loch Awe, which was to be her home for years. There are glimpses of the many remarkable people with whom Hamerton was in communication, in spite of his hatred of London and other great cities — Browning, George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, the painter Leslie, Stevenson, Tennyson, Vierge, Woolner, and others. But Hamerton himself is the interest of the book; and in too few biographies does one find so impressive a record of work, of conscientious endeavour, and high-minded strife.

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN GIRL.*

It may be the absence of the obvious that gives to Mr. Le Gallienne's new book a feeling of femininity. It might be the termination of his name, which the Anglo-Saxon imagination finds hard to accept, did not the notable virility of his earlier work, especially the poem to Robert Louis Stevenson and his *Prose Fancies*, cast this suspicion out. But whether intentionally or otherwise, Mr. Le Gallienne has so covered the claws of his satire with softness and fur that the sharp cynical conceit becomes on the surface a thing of poetic beauty.

Its very immorality—if one dare use the term in this connection—seems essentially feminine in being all in the air and all in the abstract, far-off and comparatively harmless, so that the rather startling play about the highest ideals is as heat lightning behind church steeples. Moreover, there is something enchantingly feminine in the inconsequent start of the story as it floats out on gossamer wings and drifts on through beautiful dreams into a poet's ideal of reality. The pilgrimage may be undertaken in jest or in earnest, that's as you like it.

"So," says the Pilgrim, "I, too, with the rest of the world, was following in the wake of the magical music. The lie it was drawing me on by is perhaps Spring's oldest, commonest lie —the lying promise of the Perfect Woman, The Quite Impossible She."

It is thus that the quest begins, and the types of womanhood encountered during the journey represent a subtly severe review of the sex. The first girl whom the Pilgrim meets might seem at a glance to stand for the New Woman, but a closer look shows her to be merely a faithful copy of the antique freshly etched on steel. In fact, the man in this particular instance seems decidedly "newer" than the woman, in so far, at least, as relates to the episode which recalls another "sentimental journey." The newest figure of this feminine processional, and in certain respects the newest in literature, not excepting even *The Woman Who Did*, is the second

* The Quest of the Golden Girl. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

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woman whom the Pilgrim encounters. For, whereas the luckless maiden was tempted by love as well as misled by false logic, this married woman has deliberately made up her mind to "tempt the illicit rove" without any feeling whatever. There may be some truth in her thesis that much of the unhappiness of marriage arises from too great familiarity, from enforced association, in short, from the lack of personal freedom. A good many husbands and wives have apparently held some such beliefs, and a few have had the courage to exploit them. But the average couple, however irksome the bond, can scarcely yet be prepared for so radical a remedy as this lady and her husband devise and apply. This, briefly stated, is that they shall spend one calendar month of each year out of each other's company, with full and free liberty to spend it wheresoever, with whomsoever, and howsoever they please; the parties to the agreement binding themselves to keep it, whether they might, when the time came, wish to do so or not, "believing that so would their love be the more likely to maintain enduring tenderness and unwearied freshness." And yet, notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which the husband enters upon the experiment, and notwithstanding the redness of the wife's hair, which causes the Pilgrim to exclaim: "How this woman must have suffered!" at the sight of her wedding ring, this premeditated detour into the primrose path results in quite as much wretchedness as any accidental slip. Such, indeed, is the perversity of the feminine nature, that when the Pilgrim meets the wife she has already dismissed her companion and is seeking her husband with tempests of tears. Obviously this is not the Perfect Woman, and the Pilgrim only lingers long enough to rescue the husband from the spell of a siren.

"You must swear the whole thing has been platonic," he urges with worldly wisdom. "It's the only chance for your happiness. Your wife, no doubt, will lure you on to confession by saying she doesn't mind this, that, and the other, so long as you don't keep it from her; and no doubt she will mean it till you have confessed. But, however good their theories, women by nature cannot help confusing body and soul, and what to a man is a mere fancy of the senses, to them is a spiritual tragedy. Promise me to lie stoutly on this point. It is, I repeat, the only chance for your future happiness. As has been wisely said, a lie in time saves nine, and such a lie as I advise is but one of the higher forms of truth."

It must be conceded that this flash of lightning scorches the sacred spires, and it may be best to explain that the remoteness of the immorality, as stated in the beginning, was considered exclusively from the point of view of the Pilgrim himself. His progress is innocent enough in practice, whatever it may be in theory, and could hardly be more aptly described than as "a soul wandering among mistresses." But unfortunately the satire which should be the saving, as well as the flavouring salt of the story, is too delicate to do its work well. The finding of the Golden Girl is described with such consummate art that it is impossible at a first glance to recognise the hideous truth through the dazzling veil of spurious sentiment. Only by degrees does one see clearly that this woman found in the streets to be exalted above all spotless women is no pitiable Marguerite nor even a repentant Magdalen, but the Scarlet Woman herself.

"I cared not for what mire her feet have trodden. She had carried her face pure as a lily through all the foul and sooty air. There was a pure heart in her voice. Sin is of the soul, and this soul had not sinned. . . . The result was golden, whatever the dark process might be. Was it simply that Elizabeth was one of that rare few who can touch pitch and not be defiled? or was it, I have sometimes wondered, an unconscious and after all a sound casuistry that had saved Elizabeth's soul, an instinctive philosophy that taught her, so to say, to lay a Sigurd's sword between her soul and body?"

This is, of course, only Mr. Le Gallienne's manner of satirising certain branches of so-called "advanced thought," of which the New Virtue is perhaps the most conspicuous illustration. But, unfortunately, he has done it rather too artistically, so that the caricature has all the finish, the fascination, and the importance of a serious painting. The final feeling of the work is the uneasy perception that its charm is more dangerous than it seemed at the outset, and that its mockery does not merely play irreverently round the pinnacles of our loftiest ideals, but menaces the very foundations of all that is safest and sweetest in life.

George Preston.

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AN AFRO-AMERICAN POET.*

The first thing that strikes one in turning over the pages of this interesting little volume is the partial inappropriateness of the title; for a fairly large proportion of the poems here collected can by no stretch of the imagination be identified with "lowly life." When we read of "richly curtained" beds, and "kingly" youths, and "my lady's bower," of bold Borderers, and maidens named "Phyllis" and "Ione" (in two syllables according to Mr. Dunbar), and when one finds fully half the pages written in the conventional language of drawing-room poetry, we certainly get no impression of anything more lowly than mediæval castles, or at the very least, of ample English country-houses. Of course, one ought not to lay too much stress upon a mere title, but in this case it accentuates an incongruity which runs all through the book, in placing together in the most jarring and discordant contrast the sterile elegances of exotic verse and the homely truth of American plantation life. To pass, without even the break of a blank page, from stately halls and Border raids, and the solitude of the moonlit glade, slap-bang into the riot of a husking frolic, with Malindy Jane and Ike and Viney "stomping" up and down to the shrieking of a cornstalk fiddle and the clapping and hawhawing of a party of plantation hands, is perhaps intended to be piquant, but is really irritating. It is too much of a shock, and it gives the reader too much of a mental wrench. The lyrics that really belong to lowly life should, in fact, have been grouped in one part of the collection, with the artificial "literary" verses in like manner set off by themselves.

Then we should have had a division that would accord with the two distinct traits of the African—one part illustrating how really clever and original he can be when he is thoroughly spontaneous and natural; and the other, how comparatively feeble and ineffective he will always show himself when he is merely imitating the Caucasian. Mr. Howells, in his very pleasant and appreciative introduction, seems to have some such distinction as this in his mind, but it has been best expressed by a member of Mr. Dunbar's own race, who nearly twenty years ago pointed out that the African intellect is not necessarily inferior to that of other men's, but that it is essentially distinct; and that the great mistake that is always made in discussing the negro is to regard him as a European in embryo, who must be developed on European lines. As a matter of fact (and Mr. Dunbar's two manners illustrate this), the negro is truly admirable and really to be taken seriously only when he puts his acquired imitative instincts aside and employs his higher and wholly original gifts.

Hence it is that in these poems, while Mr. Dunbar can write very rhythmical and pleasing English, and while only once does he (in "Curtain," p. 93) descend to anything cheap and tasteless, it is, after all, in the verses that deal with negro life alone that his undeniable powers are best exhibited. In "When Malindy Sings," and "Lonesome," and "Keep a Pluggin' Away," "The Delinquent," and "The Party," are to be found all the genial, kindly humour of the African, his love of colour and melody, his simplicity and innocent shrewdness, and now and then a note of pathos that sounds through the fun with a momentary minor. Some of it is the true poetry that is independent of mere form, and that wells up from the unfailing springs of nature and passion and truth.

H. T. Peck.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE CAT AND THE CHERUB, AND OTHER STORIES. By Chester Bailey Fernald. New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

A young writer with a new manner as well as new matter is something to excite the interest of the reading world, and Mr. Fernald makes both these claims on attention. His particular field is the Chinese quarter in San Francisco—a romantic tract not hitherto exploited even in the San Francisco of Stevenson—and his manner, with its humorous, grotesque twists, is very much his own, even if it does bear some

* Lyrics of Lowly Life By Paul Laurence Dunbar. With an Introduction by W. D. Howells. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 25.

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filial likeness to the early Mr. Kipling. It is hard to say, however, of a collection of stories, which starts out so bravely with "The Cat and the Cherub" and its equally charming sequel, "The Cruel Thousand Years," that it contains both good, bad, and indifferent; yet this is certainly true of the present volume. The good is so very good, not to say delectable. Richard Henry Stoddard has declared of "The Cat and the Cherub" that it is the best work in the short story of the last decade. That is affirming a good deal; but it is at least safe to say that in this effort Mr. Fernald proves himself an almost perfect master of the buoyant art of story-telling. Effort has no place in it; the thing swings. And the Infant Hoo Chee himself, as a character, is a most engaging piece of Infantdom. He does not owe all his charm to his Chinese dress; for had he been quite an ordinary infant in knickerbockers, his flirtation with Miss Oo would have made him immortal. The way he begins to call to Miss Oo over the fence, in little more than a whisper, "Yai-yai!" "Whereupon Miss Oo responded with a giggle in her small voice, 'Yai-yai-yah!' and the Infant could not refrain from calling back in louder tones, 'Yai-yai yah!' which Miss Oo repeated each time louder than the Infant, so that soon the merry contest of their voices had risen to such screams that it reached the ears of Hoo King"—this makes the heart beat! The four remaining Chinese stories, however, strike one as owing their readableness to the new subject, and Mr. Fernald's general knack of holding the interest, rather than to anything particularly fine in their humour. The stories with American subjects are in the main disappointing. "Enter the Earl of Tyne," for instance, is like Mr. Harding Davis in the tragic monologue, and the girl who, at the great crisis, tells her lover with psychological subtlety that he has "apprehended," but not "comprehended" her, seems to have been inspired by the reading of story-books. The New England stories fail in the same way to produce Mr. James's "illusion of reality"—dialect and character, they are very much "made up;" and as humorous studies, they are hardly more than "funny," though the situation in "The Parlous Wholeness of Ephraim" was happily inspired. In "The Tragedy of the Comedy" Mr. Fernald really found a good subject, even though he has, perhaps, a trifle overdone it in the treatment; he has managed to seize, in this story, one aspect of the college life for women, much to be regretted yet characteristic, and which no writer of the college story has yet given us.

A PURITAN BOHEMIA. By Margaret Sherwood. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

The title of this admirable little story, told in a concise and effective manner, is not misleading. This Bohemia is not the gay and reckless European art-world, but a Bohemia of the New World, into which the sad, earnest, ascetic quality of the Puritan has entered; and where the author tells us "the only lotus-eating is hard work." The shadows of philanthropy and transcendentalism hover over it, for the characters gravely discuss theories of life, and some of them endeavour to plant their ideals in the slums.

The main theme is a carefully worked out and suggestive study of the earnest women who voluntarily follow an intellectual, artistic, or philanthropical mission—women who are frequently possessed of more ambition than capacity. These always suffer loneliness, and generally end with failure. The question is a vital one; it means much to this age. Once it was the wild son who ran away from home; now it is the daughter who has ideals. The bachelor-girl—whether defined as musician, artist, *littérateur*, journalist or physician—has developed of late years into a type, the "cold-blooded young woman who worships an art-ideal and crushes her heart." There is an excellent description of a group of such characters, who are placed in the Rembrandt Studios. The author says of them:

"The Theosophist was a slim maiden lady who did flowers in water-colour. Hers was the tragedy of not having been called upon to suffer. All the pathos of protracted girlhood was in the air, as of one who has not arrived, yet is not pursued, only waiting. For the owner of No. 2 art meant a faithless husband. She had found consolation in Astrology. There was a Whitmanite, who did huge landscapes. The short-haired girl, who aspired to be an animal sculptor, was a follower of Ibsen. She talked much of the emancipation of woman from domestic life. Sometimes as she toiled with wet clay, she wiped a tear away from her cheek with her short coat-sleeve. She was

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thinking of her dead lover. The Baroness was the only inhabitant of this world of definite work and vague spiritual enthusiasm. The Baroness made beautiful embroidery. Helen learned much from these women. There were questions of vast import to discuss: how to make drapery out of fish-nets, how to convert the lower part of a bookcase into a pantry; how to make ball costumes out of Japanese crêpe paper; how to know when Welsh-rabbit was done."

Howard Stanton, the one man in the story, an artist of unselfish nature, carries his ideas of painting into life. He lives in the slums for altruistic reasons, and therefore deserves the measles with which he is inflicted. For years he has loved Anne Bradford, who carries her theories of life into painting. She repulses the devotion of this generous man, for her one aim in life is to express herself. She does not realise how narrow is her point of view, and how her illusions fade day by day. So bitter and sharp of speech is she that we wonder how her lover still imagines she is the one who can illuminate his life. Fortunately he gives up the long courting and consoles himself with one of his pupils. The latter was also drawn into the vortex of art and philanthropy by following mistaken ambitions. Her Puritan conscience is subdued after a time, and a healthy affection for her home leads her away from the world of unhappy women struggling only to discover that "self-expression is of no consequence" to themselves, and that the world usually refuses to accept their opinions of experiences they have not known.

PENHALLOW TALES. By Edith Robinson. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.

The first and the longest story of the collection is strong and fresh enough to win acceptance for the mediocre and imperfectly digested sketches which complete the volume. It attracted a good deal of attention when it appeared originally in a magazine, and no one who read it can have forgotten the vivid study of an opium-eater's career. The subject is only too sadly familiar through innumerable portrayals in fact and in fiction, since De Quincey first revealed its full horror; but the theme can never cease to interest, and the author of "Penhallow" has done comparatively new work in dealing with the psychological effect of the drug, and of its influence over the victim's domestic life. This story gives with ghastly distinctness the minute details of the daily life of a wife and mother who has become secretly addicted to the use of opium. It was shortly after the birth of her second son that the mistress of Penhallow began to alter.

"Some explained it by saying that she was growing like her father. She scolded the servants, and was often needlessly severe with the children, and then to atone would be indulgent beyond measure to both. She took offence at mere words with her friends, parted from several on trivial pretence, and seemed, by a certain aggressive bearing, to be constantly on the lookout for some ground of quarrel with all. Her husband grew anxious about her health. Sometimes she would lie awake for several consecutive nights, and then would come a morning when her sleep would be so heavy that it was difficult to arouse her. She was restless, too, often spending the entire day in wandering from one room to another; again, she would seem possessed by a very demon of work, and the embroidery needle would fly in her hands, or the intricate lace grow beneath her rapid fingers; at other times she would sit for hours with her hands lying idle in her lap and a strange, fixed look in her eyes. There were those who shook their heads, but none liked to voice what was the thought of many. It was worse than either ill-temper or insanity."

The gradual perversion of the woman's whole moral nature finally includes an unnatural hatred of her daughter, and leads on to the culminating tragedy.

MARM LISA. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00.

This new story has the charm of all Mrs. Wiggin's work, with the difference that it seems addressed to a more mature audience. Marm Lisa is only ten, "a little, vacant-eyed, half-foolish, almost inarticulate child," but the psychology of the darkened young soul reached far beyond the limitations of childish comprehension.

"It was a mind sitting in a dim twilight, where everything seems confused. The physical eye appears to see, but the light never quite pierces the dimness nor reflects its beauty there. If the ears hear the song of birds, the cooing of babes, the heart-beats in the organ tone, then the swift little messengers that fly hither and thither in my mind and yours, carrying echoes of sweetness unspeakable, tread more slowly here, and never quite reach the spirit in prison. A spirit in prison, indeed, but with one ray of sunlight shining through the bars—a vision of duty."

It is impossible to conceive of a more exquisitely sympathetic character study than this of a feeble-minded child, whose

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affliction is of a kind that usually repels. And in contrast with the pathetic little central figure is that of her mistress, who is portrayed with keen yet not unkind satire.

"She would never have permitted a child to suffer for lack of food or a bed, for she was not at heart an unkind woman. You could see that by looking at her vague, soft brown eyes, eyes that never saw practical duties straight in front of them—liquid, star-gazing eyes that could never be focussed on any near object, such as a twin or a cooking-stove. Individuals never interested her; she cared for nothing but humanity, and humanity writ very large at that, so that once the twins nearly died of scarlatina while she was collecting money for the children of the yellow-fever sufferers in the South. . . . She was never disturbed that the last clue brought her nowhere; she followed the new one as passionately as the old, and told her breathless pupils that their feet must not weary, for they were treading the path of progress; that these apparently fruitless excursions into the domain of knowledge all served as so many mile-stones in their glorious ascent of the mountain of truth."

The rescue of Marm Lisa from the slavery to which this woman's unconscious cruelty had condemned her by another woman of clearer sight and divine compassion makes the story. The infinite patience with which Mistress Mary and her companions lead the clouded intellect toward the faint light which is the utmost it may ever hope to reach is full of the feeling that draws a sob from the heart.

"The angels in heaven never rejoiced more greatly over the one repentant sinner than the tired shepherdesses over their one poor ewe lamb, as she stood there with quivering hands and wet eyes, the first sign of victory written on her inscrutable brow; and within the turbid, clouded brain the memory of a long struggle and a hint at least of the glory she had achieved."

THE STORY OF HANNAH. By W. J. Dawson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Not every author would have thought of having his reader enter the Romilly household through the woodshed, or would have seen the artistic possibilities of compelling that portly and important personage referred to as "The Reader" to stoop at the very beginning of the tale to consider the grave and mysterious problem of the minister's family through the imaginations of two small children holding a conference on the woodpile, or studying their worthy parents where the eaves slanted low in the attic. But why does Mr. Dawson make the serious mistake of becoming a rival of his reader, of falling in love with his heroine? Of course if an author chooses to take an unworthy advantage of a wistful public in this way, if he chooses to use his confidential and sacred office as an opportunity to woo his heroine himself, we can only observe that he must be willing to pay the penalty, either of a jealous reader—which is bad—or of one who refuses to be jealous—which is worse—or of one who is of so little account that he will tamely follow with a poor, hopeless parrot passion a proud and successful lover to the bitter end.

Mr. Dawson's power for the most part lies in picturing a situation in a few strokes rather than in evolving character through events. The boundary line between the great artist and the small one, the distinction between creating human beings and observing them is strikingly illustrated in the alternate strength and weakness of his work. So long as he uses his imagination as light with which to see what he has experienced, he carries the conviction of an artist, but the moment he uses it as heat—the moment he attempts to fuse experience—actually to create the larger unities of human life, he is stripped of power, and the work of an exceptionally vigorous and delightful observer is unfortunately blurred with the pale images of two appropriate and seemly lovers who appear and disappear at intervals and flicker through his leaves.

The picture of little Phil is an exquisite bit of work. The old mother reaches the instincts, and the younger one, crazed with grief, going about the streets holding her empty arms as though the dead child were lying there, will not be soon forgotten. The study of the latent poetry in the dreary, prosaic parson is virile and beautiful. Though not infrequently marred by a secret and guilty love of words for themselves, either in the form of a somewhat conscious restraint or a more genial self-indulgence, Mr. Dawson's work has the breath of life in it, and the very obviousness of his faults is a token of the true gifts that lie behind them.

THE LONG WALLS. By Eldridge S. Brooks and John Alden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The "Long Walls," as we learn from the authors of this delightful book, is the

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name still given by the Greek peasants to certain famous ruins of ancient Greece, and it was a happy thought to choose the term as a title for the story of an American boy who, in company with an enthusiastic young archæologist, makes excavations in the ruins of Krateia.

At first sight the reverent reader of classic lore experiences a sense of shock upon hearing school-boy slang in such hallowed precincts as the temple-crowned Acropolis, and he cries out, "Another attempt to vulgarise learning! Is nothing sacred? Is there no escaping the *enfant terrible* even in Athens?" But let the most exclusive disciple of culture read a little further, then a few pages more—behold, the book is finished, and the criticism is forgotten. The lover of the ancients longs to go and dig among the ruins in company with the lively American boy; he glows with excitement upon discovering the inscription which declares the place to be identical with the Krateia mentioned by Pausanias, and stands at the entrance of the subterranean chamber gazing in wonder on the perfectly preserved, tinted statue of Demeter, the goddess of the temple. But an uneasy suspicion steals over him: why has he never heard of this marvellous discovery? He is interested in archæology; has read of the results of modern excavations, but—! Then comes the earthquake, and his ignorance is explained. The very day after the eyes of modern mortals had feasted themselves upon her chaste, sculptured loveliness the goddess Demeter is buried under tons of earth; the secret chamber is cut off from the approach of men; the vase of golden coin lies shattered, and its treasure mixed with clods and stones. And what of the goddess? Does she still sit there in her wondrous beauty, preserved from harm by some steadfast portion of the chamber roof, or does she lie broken in fragments, awaiting the enthusiasm of the explorer, the patient hand of the restorer? Uncle Ted said that he would go back in the spring and look her up. We hope he will, and wish we could go with him. Every boy who reads *The Long Walls* will surely echo this wish, and what is more, he will turn with new zest to his studies in classic history, literature, and art, for the land of Greece will have taken on for him an interest and a vivid reality hitherto undreamed of. The boys will join, moreover, with older readers in demanding a record of any further explorations made by Van and his Uncle Ted.

THE WAMPUM BELT. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated by H. Winthrop Peirce. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The Wampum Belt is the sixth volume of stories of the creators of American literature, in which Mr. Butterworth has aimed to teach history by fiction founded on notable incidents in the lives of the heroes. The leading incidents of the story are, for the most part, founded on truth or on historic inference or suggestions. History tells us how the wampum belt was delivered by the Lenape Indians on the Delaware, which William Penn at the great treaty made under the elm-tree at Shackamaxon, in 1682, and the belt may still be seen in the rooms of the Historical Society of Philadelphia. The romance of history is woven into these pages, of which Golden Heart is the golden thread. The character of Golden Heart is, in part, suggested by an ancient queen of Conestoga, whose strange and sibyl-like figure forms one of those mysteries of the forests that one would not have pass away. Mr. Butterworth's dexterity in moulding, and his imaginative handling of historical facts in this book, as in his former stories, are well adapted to throw a lifelike picture of the times of which he writes on the mind of his young readers. One feels that he has read and observed widely, and has not come to his task ill prepared with undigested facts. Indeed, were it not for the limitations of the young reader whom he addresses, we feel that he would be thoroughly equipped to write a history which would interest and instruct older readers.

BIJOU'S COURTSHIPS. By "Gyp." English translation by Katherine Berry de Zérega. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

A DEGENERATE. By "Gyp." English translation by Arthur Hornblow. New York: A. E. Cluett & Co.

Gyp is always readable, but she is by no means always equally worthy of being read. When she writes in her earlier manner, with a real insight into character, she is to be taken with a good deal of seriousness; but when, as in most of her later works, she merely

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jots down superficial impressions, she can claim nothing at the reviewer's hands. The two books before us are respectively representative of her best and of her worst. In *Bijou's Courtships* she has given us a very convincing study of feminine selfishness and heartlessness which are the more striking in that they are incarnated in the person of a beautiful young girl, who is everybody's favourite, who is always obliging, caressing, and thoughtful for others, yet who destroys the happiness of all about her, and is directly responsible for a domestic tragedy. The delineation of the complex character of Denyse (Bijou) is a masterly piece of work, and has been thought worthy of a special study by M. Faguet in *Cosmopolis*. The translation is fair, but not wholly adequate.

The other volume, *A Degenerate*, calls for no especial comment, for in it is seen the superficial Gyp, who tells a story brightly and hits off her *monde* in a dozen snapshots with great cleverness, but with no trace of genius. The translation is the poorest thing of the kind that Mr. Hornblow has yet done; for by putting ephemeral American slang into the mouth of his French provincials, he destroys the verisimilitude of the scenes, and makes his pages display at times a vulgarity which is wholly foreign to the original.

THE PRINCESS DÉSIRÉE. By Clementina Black. With eight illustrations by John Williamson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

Miss Black has so cleverly caught the manner of Anthony Hope in *The Prisoner of Zenda* and of Stanley Weyman in *A Gentleman of France*, that one's belief in the possibility of literary forgeries is revived. The Princess Desirée has the same self-possessed desirableness as the charming heroines of those other stories, and the hero is the same deeply loving, tenderly protecting, but scarcely aspiring gentleman, ready with his sword and alert with his wits. Miss Black may be congratulated on achieving a distinct success and furnishing a thoroughly enjoyable tale.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE CHILDREN By Alice Meynell. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

The main difference between the conditions of the lucky children of to-day and the lucky children of bygone ages is that nowadays they are respected. Their variations from grown folks were always recognised, but as an inferiority, which the serious felt must be trained away as soon as possible, and the frivolous held to be decidedly amusing when not inconvenient. But account for it as you may—by such high-sounding reasons as the spread of democracy, by the growth of a scientific sense that realises the value of every stage of life—the more favoured children to-day possess a right to think, and speak, even sometimes to act, in accordance with the laws of their own development, and are not expected to be merely faulty echoes of persons at another and an alien stage. Children of character, of course, have, for the most, sturdily kept their own savagery, their own ideals, and imaginings at the back of the artificial life forced on them. Mr. Kenneth Graham's *Golden Age* comes conveniently to the mind, if proof of that were wanted outside our own experience. In Mrs. Meynell we have one of the best exponents of the new idea that, as far as possible, childhood's individuality should be as openly recognised as are the ambitious moods of middle life and the search for repose that commonly marks declining years. She does not speak as an educational theorist, merely as a very close and loving observer, as the parent, in fact, who is also the humourist—Mrs. Meynell's humour is perfectly certain here—with something, too, of the cautious scientist in her attitude. The combination does not tend to gushing idealisation, but, as we have said, to respect, to a recognition of the rights of childhood to be itself, so far as its strong bias toward imitating the business and speech of the grown-up world will allow.

Mrs. Meynell may have written more brilliant things, but none, to our mind,

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so wonderful; for, indeed, this mixture of cool criticism and real sympathy, this admiration and strict admission of limitations, this tenderness and this sense of comedy, are very wonderful and full of beauty. One chapter only has struck us doubtful in truth — "Real Childhood." At least we feel sure that some of it, that which concerns the readiness of little people to be bored by their elders, is far from being a very common experience. Elders could be very annoying, but they and their properties, partaking of the mystery of the unknown, have depths of interest in them unsuspected by their commonplace selves. Yet everywhere else we are with her, either confirming or waiting confidently for experiences which must confirm.

Her first words are a warning against generalisations—O plodding educationists, hearken!

"To attend to a living child is to be baffled in your humour, disappointed in your pathos, and set freshly free from all the pre-occupations. You cannot anticipate him."

UNITS. By Winifred Lucas. New York: John Lane. $1.00.

The minor poet is generally treated as if he must belong to an unvarying type of person, as if, in any one age, he could have only one kind of merchandise, which is a mistake; for he has moods like his betters, and has now one temperament and now another. Only the reviewer knows whether the minor poet is a man or a woman; for only the reviewer reads minor poetry, though the world reads much feebler stuff with complacency. There is but a distant cousinship between any of the verse-writers whose books we are noticing here; and the difference lies not merely in what they are able to say, but in what they want to say. This variety does not point to their being all highly original. They are not; neither are they all agreeable. There is a habit of subtle emotion in Miss Lucas's poems. There is charm and there is distinction. How robust the poetical genius may be that has produced *Units* there is no means of knowing. It is manifested here only by a delicacy of feeling and a fine artistic instinct. As to her matter, she has dawns to describe, the deep, quiet ways of love, the exquisite intimacy of mother and child. "Slide down thy solace, Dawn, like dew" will leave a memory of itself behind. So will this verse of "The Past," because of a tender music in it—

"I by strange ways am wandering back to thee,
Strange ways, that, wide and far,
Move under skies of dark fidelity
To one withholden star."

But there is a prouder note that sounds now and again. Hear it in "Dispossessed":

"My joys—turned skyward from their courses even,
Caught in the wind of love's unearthly breath—
Rose to the radiant privacy of heaven
From me, uncrowned beneath,
To match their lights with Ariadne's seven."

MUSIC STUDY IN GERMANY. By Amy Fay. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

These letters, which have gone through several editions, have probably been read by every past student of music. They were written between the years 1869 and 1875, and give a fresh, unconventional picture of student life in Germany. Miss Fay, besides relating her own experience in studying with Tausig, Liszt, and Deppe, tells many lively anecdotes and gives interesting descriptions of the musicians of that day. The sketch of Liszt in Weimar is particularly fine and distinct. "The Lisztianer" has retired to make place for the Leschetisky pupil, but the Vienna studio will never have the atmosphere of the Weimar salon. Liszt will always be the great master.

It seems antiquated to hear Wagner's *Tannhäuser* spoken of as "the music of the future." To the musician of our decade this opera is already old-fashioned. America has passed on to *Tristan* and Siegfried's death. Also Niemann, who Miss Fay thought would not please American audiences, has been here, has conquered, and has gone away. When she wrote it was not deemed likely that he would have the test so soon, as at that time we had no established orchestra.

But the book is pleasant reading—even re-reading. There is an enthusiasm and sympathy in the manner of telling how Tausig "pearled" down the keyboard, how Liszt made his storm effects by double roll of octaves in chromatics, of how Joachim "revealed Beethoven in the flesh" that is refreshing

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after the formal observations of the professional critic.

NAVAL ACTIONS OF THE WAR OF 1812. By James Barnes. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. $4 50.

In this beautiful book of 263 pages of text, and containing 21 illustrations in colour by Mr. Carlton T. Chapman, Mr. Barnes has given us a vivid picture of those brilliant achievements with which the American navy first startled the world, and won for the Republic a respect and consideration that had never yet been hers. The book abounds in anecdote, sometimes, perhaps, more easily classified as *ben trovato* than as *vero*, but all of it illustrative of the time and of the men of whom he writes; and the story of each naval duel is told in a spirited and stirring style. Such a volume as this is one that every American should have by him for his own perusal and for the inspiration of his sons; for the time may not be so very far away when we shall look once more to our fleets and sailors to maintain the place that was first conquered by prowess on the sea. We commend this book also to those British observers who are just now arguing from the smallness of our navy that Spain will teach us a lesson or two in humility. Americans may await this issue or any other with confident serenity; for the fleet which is today larger than that which first tamed England's pride will, if called upon, be fully able to pay with interest the debt that has been due from us to Spain ever since the captain of the *Virginius*, with over fifty of his crew, was taken from the protection of the American flag and brutally shot to death by order of a Spanish military governor.

IN BOHEMIA WITH DU MAURIER. The First of a Series of Reminiscences. By Felix Moscheles. With 63 Original Drawings by George Du Maurier, Illustrating the Artist's Life in the Fifties. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

The world was very young when Moscheles and Du Maurier worked at the Atelier Gleyre in Antwerp. Let it be put down to his credit in the domain of letters that the writer of these recollections has known how to put youth into his book. The drawings—little snap-shots, records of the joke of the moment, bright and clever as they are, and, of course, interesting in the history of Du Maurier as a draughtsman—must not run away with all the praise. It is not little to have made a book out of the recollections of the happiness of two madcap boys, with hardly an adventure between them worth narrating, whose high spirits and wit seem to have had nothing very distinguishing save innocence, and yet to leave a sympathetic reader satisfied and happy. Grace, innocence, irresponsibility, are conveyed to us, and the combination is something far rarer than disquisitions on an artist's professional progress. But on Du Maurier's side, at least, there was reason for anxiety in those madcap days. He thought he was going blind even then. Underneath a drawing of his friend's sister's eyes, he wrote, "Quand je les vois, j'oublie les miens (Reflexion d'un futur aveugle)." But there is no sign of despair; only very cheerfully he would tell his friend that he was "fearfully depressed." *Trilby* admirers will find the book worth reading for its suggestions about the originals of the characters in the novel, and its account of mesmeric séances. But its best recommendation should be that it is a book made out of nothing at all but the freakish sunshine of youth.

ON THE BROADS. By Anna Bowman Dodd. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00.

Mr. Pennell must not bear away all the glory of this book, though no one will grudge him his due. Mrs. Dodd, even without his or any other artist's aid, would have carried us along with her on her cruise, and infected us with her delightful good temper, her enthusiastic, watchful appreciation, her beaming enjoyment of all that such a cruise can contain of human and of landscape interest. She entered into the spirit of the thing even before it began; and that is the test of your perfect enjoyer. She never lost interest or the hope and delight in adventure. She is the American tourist after the most excellent fashion—untiring, intelligent, welcoming men and things in the way to make men and things give out their best; and her book has the true holiday spirit in it, a diffusive, generous spirit. It takes the form of a discursive story, with friendly characters, and the romance of a talkative and enthusiastic painter and a charming young girl, and this takes off

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the impression of the guide-book from her information, which is as good as a guide-book, all the same, to one of the most delightful holiday-grounds in England. If she sets off on another cruise some day, we beg that she will let us again share her holiday fun, and be kindled by her fresh interest in beauty and romance.

THE CHILD WORLD. By Gabriel Setoun. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

Of Mr. Robinson's part in this book it is impossible to speak too highly. His deftness, originality, and his surprisingness, always pleasant in kind, are indescribable in words. Buy the volume and you have a lasting treasure. Silence is best respecting Mr. Setoun's part. Beside the Jane Taylor and Dr. Watts verses of a far-away childhood these seem very insubstantial stuff, and lamentably tame if compared with their model, Stevenson's *Child's Garden*. But Mr. Robinson has not minded. The prosiest phrase has set his fancy soaring. The atmosphere of commonplace in the verse has never hampered him.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have added to their subscription edition of the works of Captain Marryat two more volumes, consisting of *Masterman Ready* and *The Settlers in Canada*. Mr. Johnson, his editor, claims for the volume that it is the most famous and certainly the best of the short series of stories for children which Marryat began comparatively late in life, under the impression that "his former productions, like all novels, had had their day, and for the present at least would sell no more." It is exactly suited for children, abounding in detail, simple in conception, and pathetic without being melancholy. We know that Marryat loved children and understood them, and the children's own vote, which must be final, is almost universal in high praise of *Masterman Ready*. It was Forster who wrote these words of encouragement to the author: "You ought to make a fortune out of these little books. I know no book of its kind so popular as *Masterman Ready*. Children don't read it once, but a dozen times; and this is the true test." The first edition of *Masterman Ready* was printed in three volumes in 1841. *The Settlers* has also been a favourite, although its conventional didacticism is rather trying in our age. It has the merit, shared with all Marryat's work, of being thoroughly pleasing, healthy, and readable. Twenty volumes of this edition have now appeared, and in less than two months we may expect to have the whole edition (to be complete in twenty-four volumes) in our hands. (Price, $3.50 per volume.)

The Macmillan Company have brought out a beautiful edition of Washington Irving's *Alhambra*, with a charming introduction by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, illustrated with drawings of the places mentioned by Joseph Pennell. The book is beautifully bound with full gilt edges and decorated cover. The numerous illustrations by Mr. Pennell add a new interest to this edition and make it very attractive. (Price, $2.00.) The same firm has begun the publication in conjunction with the Messrs. Dent of a series called the Temple Classics, edited by Israel Golancz, M.A. The first two volumes are *The Life of Nelson*, by Robert Southey, and Wordsworth's *Prelude*. The little books are very tastefully and daintily produced. (Price, 50 cents per volume.)——We have received from Messrs. Scott, Foresman and Company, Chicago, a new edition of the very popular books of William Mathews, of which some hundreds of thousands must have been sold since they were first published. The titles are *Getting on in the World; Oratory and Orators; Words: Their Use and Abuse;* and *Hours with Men and Books*. A portrait of Dr. Mathews is given as a frontispiece, and other portraits are added by way of illustration.

A handsome portfolio has been issued by the Berlin Photographic Company of this city, called *The Hermitage*, consisting of eighty-four large photogravures directly reproduced from the original paintings in the Imperial Gallery at St. Petersburg. It is one of the finest set of pictures ever produced, and the portfolio well merits the praise which has been awarded it. A prospectus will be mailed to any person on application.

Midshipman Farragut, by James Barnes, is the story of Farragut's youthful cruis-

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ing during the War of 1812; and though cast in the form of a tale of adventure, it is, in its essentials, based upon historical records, and especially upon the memoirs of Commodore David Porter as recorded by his son the Admiral. It is good reading for boys, nor will grown people who take it up and read a few pages be disposed to sniff at it. (Appleton's. Price, $1.00.)

A recent issue of the International Scientific Series (D. Appleton and Company) is a book which will prove a treasure to music students. In *The Evolution of the Art of Music*, by C. Hubert H. Parry, we have, within the limits of a single volume, a clearer, more comprehensive, and scientific treatment of the development of music than is often found in more elaborate and expensive works on the same subject. Some of the chapter headings are: "Scales," "Folksongs," "Incipient Harmony," "Rise of Secular Music," etc., and at the end is a most interesting chapter on "Modern Phases of Opera."

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The New York State Library Association and the New York City Library Club held a joint meeting with the Brooklyn Public Library Association at the Art Building in Brooklyn on Thursday, January 14th. An interesting series of papers and discussions was held, followed by a dinner at the Clarendon Hotel, and by a public meeting in the evening in the Academy of Music, in the interest of a free public library in Brooklyn.

The Cumulative Index of Periodical Literature, which was carried on for the year 1896 by the Public Library at Cleveland, O., has proved a success, and will be continued and enlarged. Libraries should support this enterprise, and lessen, so far as may be, the burden on the Cleveland Library.

The Century Association of New York City has just issued a catalogue of about four hundred pages of the library of the late John Graham Lorimer, compiled by the librarian, Mr. Senter, and under the direction of Mr. Paul L. Ford, who writes an introduction. This collection was bequeathed to the Century Association by its collector. It seems to be a miscellaneous library of standard literature and some Americana. Just how it will be valuable as a whole to a club does not appear to a casual observer. It would seem that a club library ought to be maintained as a moderate-sized, carefully selected collection of fresh and useful books. It is not right, of course, to look a gift horse in the mouth, but it is often judicious to look very critically at a gift library, especially if it be given under conditions.

The Princeton University Library is early reaping the fruits of the late celebration of its magnificent new Library Building. Mr. J. S. Morgan has presented to the Library his splendid collection of early editions of Vergil, certainly the most complete in the country, and valued at not less than $50,000. This is likely to be supplemented in the near future by the careful collection of all critical and other matter relating to Vergil, which will make a most interesting body of literature. It appears that Mr. Morgan has been wise enough to realise that a gentleman who is sufficiently wealthy to gather a unique and precious collection in any department ought not to be so poor that he must suffer it to be scattered and lost. The only safe and rational way to insure the preservation of such collections is to incorporate them in our great university and public libraries.

It is pleasant, therefore, to note that the splendid collection on Dante, which has been gathered and presented to Cornell University Library by Professor Willard Fiske, is being constantly supplemented and made more complete by that gentleman's zeal as a collector, and his generosity as a patron of the Library. In the same manner the Avery Architectural Library in Columbia University is receiving constant accessions through Mr. Avery's benefactions.

The Dante collection in Harvard University Library, formed by the union of the collections in Harvard and those of the Dante Society, was for many years the most complete in that field in this country. It is interesting to observe

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how easily and how quickly this collection has been outstripped by the Fiske collection at Cornell. It is an instructive example of how American energy, coupled with literary taste and money, is able to achieve results in library development.

Mr. George M. Perry, for some years librarian of the Harlem Public Library, is about to terminate his relation with that institution.

The librarians of some of our libraries have been agreeably surprised at the receipt of the first volume of a supplementary catalogue of the Library of the Peabody Institute of Baltimore. Its General Catalogue, completed in 1892, in six large volumes, was so thorough and complete a piece of work, especially in the direction of minute analysis, that it has proved a most useful handbook for librarians. The new Supplementary Catalogue, which will contain the additions since 1882 not included in the first catalogue during the course of publication, bids fair to exceed this in extent. Vol. I. contains only the letters A and B, so that the new Catalogue will probably run up to six or seven volumes. The Library contains now 125,000 volumes. The two catalogues together, when complete, will thus embrace twelve or thirteen large octavo volumes, and will index from 140,000 to 150,000 volumes.

It is, perhaps, ungracious for the libraries which receive this Catalogue and enjoy the benefit of its careful and expensive work, to ask whether such minute analysis of publications and periodicals of a popular as well as of a scientific character is justifiable. Probably we should suppress that question and rejoice in the service which has been done to libraries in general, and not ask whether the money expended in the compilation and the printing of the catalogue would have been more serviceable to the Peabody Institute if expended partly in the purchase of books. No other catalogue of its size in existence can compare with it in detailed completeness in the direction of analysis.

So much effort is made in Germany to sell the libraries of deceased German scholars to America, that it is interesting to learn that two such collections have recently been taken care of in Germany itself. The library of the late Professor Heinrich von Treitschke, the distinguished historian and publicist, has been bought for the City Library of Leipzig. The library of the late Dr. Rudolph Roth, the Sanscrit scholar, has been secured by the Tübingen University Library.

Much interest has been aroused in the more important American libraries by the receipt of the excellent reproduction of the so called Codex Vaticanus 3773, which has been made at the expense of Count Loubat, of New York and Paris. By his direction copies of this reproduction have been distributed to a number of American libraries and scholars from Columbia University Library.

The system of loans between libraries in Germany has been developed much further than in this country. Statistics for the past year of loans from the Berlin Royal Library to eight of the university libraries show that, on the average, there have been loaned to each more than 500 volumes. Of course, the limited area of Germany makes this much more practicable than it would be in this country. These figures show that the relation of the Royal Library in Berlin to the University libraries is, to some extent, that of a central storehouse, to which they can resort when necessary. In some cases the loans between individual universities amount to a still larger number of volumes.

An excellent collection of books by and about Goethe, numbering 1500 volumes and 1000 pamphlets, has recently been given to the Hungarian Academy of Sciences at Budapest. A catalogue of this collection has just been issued. Goethe forms an interesting and important theme for the collector. The Goethe Library in Columbia University numbers about twelve hundred volumes, and is constantly increasing. A less extensive collection on Goethe is to be found in the Library of the University of Michigan, and a good collection likewise in the Cornell Library. Goethe's place in German literature is so commanding, that the literature about him and his writings is a large and necessary part of any library of German literature and literary criticism.

The gathering of librarians on the Continent of Europe, and the journals devoted to bibliography and to library matters, busy themselves in these months with discussions of the plan of a universal bibliography set forth, a year or two ago, in Brussels. This is a project to

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catalogue all printed books and pamphlets and classify the titles on the decimal system. The verdict seems to be, as expressed in the report of a conference held in Florence recently, that this undertaking was opposed by most librarians as unwise and impracticable, though praised by dilettantes in library matters.

The product for the past academic year in Germany of academic dissertations and programmes is given as about thirty-eight hundred pieces.

The good effect of the counsels given by librarians recently summoned to Washington to meet the Congressional Committee on the Library of Congress, appears in part from the fact that the bill reported by the Committee to Congress, in accordance with the suggestions made, doubles the budget of the Library as before proposed, and contemplates an ample staff for the library administration.

The spick and span elegance of the new Library Building as it stands near the venerable Capitol, its rich external adornment and magnificent interior decorations, lead some to contrast with it, unfavourably, the Capitol, and to demand restorations and changes in that grand building. But sober second thought, without disparagement to the new Library Building, should make it evident to those interested that there is nothing in its florid richness which can for a moment compare with the dignity of the Capitol.

The *Revue Internationale des Archives, des Bibliothèques, et des Musées*, which has been published for the last two years by Welter in Paris, announces that it will cease to appear. It probably dies for lack of sufficient interest and support from French libraries. It never succeeded in becoming the organ of the librarians of France, as did the corresponding publications in Germany and America, not to mention England. While two or three periodicals dabble a little in library matters, there is now in France no periodical devoted to the subject. This probably explains the fact that library development and library economy in France has scarcely kept pace with the advance in other countries.

Readers of THE BOOKMAN may be amused to learn that the Public Library in the little town of Aston, England, has decided that it is no longer necessary to black out the betting news from the newspapers received there, a practice which has been in vogue for some years past. It is announced, however, that if betting men again frequent the reading-room, recourse will once more be had to such a process.

A tempest in a teapot has evidently arisen in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The present Librarian, Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, on his advent to this office in 1882, undertook to incorporate in the old crude classification in use in that library, a more minute decimal classification. These new subdivisions have been applied as far as practicable since that time, to the satisfaction, the Librarian says, of the staff and of readers. Some opposition on the part of university officials has always existed. Recently the Board of Curators, at a meeting, sent the Librarian from the room and afterward recalled him and informed him that they had passed resolutions that the shelf-classification was too minute, that it wasted time and space, and must in consequence be modified. In spite of his representations to the contrary, they persisted in their view, and appointed a committee to carry those resolutions into effect. The Librarian now appeals to his professional colleagues everywhere for the expression of their opinion on the importance of minute classification, etc. The Committee of the Board of Curators of the Bodleian Library, in undertaking to adjust and advise the classification of that great collection, have a task in hand to which the settlement of the Armenian Question, the Silver Question, and most other questions it ever heard of would be simple in comparison.

George H. Baker.

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THE BOOK MART.

CANADIAN BIBLIOGRAPHY.*

This is Part I. of a catalogue of books printed in the Dominion of Canada. The compiler states in his preface that "the proposed idea is to continue issuing the parts until (as far as possible) a complete list may be obtained of all the books and pamphlets printed or published in the Dominion, from the first printed book, in 1767, to the end of 1895, and from this date to issue annual lists for each year, beginning with 1896."

Any one who devotes his time or even his leisure for a year or more, and puts the best of his enthusiasm and the best of his life into compiling a bibliography, deserves great credit, for at the best no catalogue or list of books can be free from errors, and the pecuniary profit can rarely be any adequate return for the labor expended. It is unfortunate, however, that a book of this character, for which there is a demand and which does fill a want, should have been put in type and published so hastily.

This Part I. is, apparently, a compilation from catalogues of twenty-three Canadian booksellers and publishers only. The compiler has not, apparently, made use of previously published bibliographies. The volume contains only 1006 titles, and many books, information regarding which would be of the greatest value, and which are most sought for—namely, the earliest Canadian books—are not found here. If the compiler had taken two or three well-known bibliographies, such as Sabin's *Dictionary of Books Relating to America*, or the very carefully prepared *Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne*, by Philéas Gagnon, published in Quebec in 1895, he would have found a very large number of titles which might have been added by the simple labour of copying. These suggested additions will, doubtless, be included in one of the future numbers, but as each number forms a separate alphabet, the fewer numbers that are issued the more useful will be the work.

The list of books fills 104 pages, and is followed by a "Title Index" and a "Chronologic Index." Only a single book printed before 1800 is recorded, that being one printed in 1791, and only 126 books are recorded previous to 1850. Mr. Gagnon's *Essai* records, we should judge (from counting those on a few earlier pages), at least 500 items, perhaps more, printed in Canada before 1850, and some of the rarest and most interesting pieces, for example, the *Primer for the Use of the Mohawk Children*, Montreal, 1781, are not found there.

Mr. Haight has given us also a new classification for sizes of books. He classifies the books by size into 153 divisions, numbered from 1 to 153, for books measuring from 3¼ × 5 inches to 9 × 14 inches, and the size of each book in the description is designated by a number. Therefore, a reference to the "Index Table of Sizes" is necessary to determine the size of any item.

While we ourselves are not perfectly satisfied with the nomenclature of the American Library Association, we think it is infinitely better than this new system. We feel positive that the book would have been more useful if the author had adhered to the accepted terms of "12mo," "8vo," etc., even though they are not fixed quantities. Undoubtedly the system adopted by the American Library Association will, in time, come into almost universal use, at least for current books. For old books it is hardly adequate, however, and they, perhaps, would after all be best described by giving *under each item* the exact measurements in inches of an untrimmed leaf wherever it is known. We must note, also, that while Mr. Haight divides the sizes of his books into 153 different classes, he does not tell us anywhere how the measurements were taken; whether they are of untrimmed leaves, or of the copies which happened to be at his hand, perhaps more or less cut down by the binder.

The book, despite its deficiencies, is a desirable addition to American bibliography. The collations, probably, are accurate, although we have not had the material at hand to verify any of them. The published prices are given of current books; at least we take "P. 50.," "P. 75.," "P. 300.," etc., to be the published price, although there is no explanation of these abbreviations. Of many out-of-print books quotations of prices from booksellers' catalogues are inserted.

L. S. L.

* A Canadian Catalogue of Books. Part I. By W. R. Haight. Toronto: Haight & Co. $2.50.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, January 1, 1897.

The Christmas season has again come and gone with the customary rush and confusion and the trade has settled down to normal conditions. The regular dealers report only a fair business, while the department stores seem to have been more successful than usual.

The variety of subjects included in the holiday sales has been rather limited, the demand for religious and miscellaneous books having fallen off, leaving the calls almost entirely for current fiction. Sales of sets and volumes in fine bindings have been noticeably light and orders for books of moderate prices were the rule, with the exceptions of juveniles and calendars, which maintained a higher grade than usual.

Pictures of People was undoubtedly the leading book of illustrations, and the publishers were repeatedly out of stock. *In Vanity Fair*, by A. B. Wenzel, was well received, but did not compete with the Gibson book in point of popularity. New illustrated editions of *Cape Cod*, by H. D. Thoreau, and *The American Revolution*, by John Fiske, sold readily, while *Rome of To-day and Yesterday*, by J. Dennie; *Meisso-*

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nier: His Life and His Art, by V.C.O. Gréard, and *France under Louis XIV.*, by Emile Bourgeois, were also very successful. *'Twixt Cupid and Cræsus*, by Charles P. Didier; *Fables for the Times*, by H. W. Phillips, and *Kemble's Coons*, by E. W. Kemble, were novelties which caught the popular fancy and sold largely.

Fiction, however, easily outstripped every other department of literature, and the Ian Maclaren books, headed by *Kate Carnegie*, sold tremendously. These were followed at a respectful distance by *Sentimental Tommy*, by J. M. Barrie; *The Seats of the Mighty*, by Gilbert Parker; *King Noanett*, by F. J. Stimson, and *Marm Lisa*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. In addition, the works of Marie Corelli, Anthony Hope, Stanley J. Weyman, and Harold Frederic were largely used, and the amusing books of John Kendrick Bangs were generously purchased.

On religious subjects the year-books of Phillips Brooks, the Misses Sutphen, and also Ian Maclaren's *The Mind of the Master*, *The Cure of Souls*, and *The Upper Room* found most favour.

Miscellaneous books of note included *Driving for Pleasure*, by Fancis T. Underhill; *Myths and Legends of Our World*, by Charles M. Skinner, and *George Washington*, by Woodrow Wilson.

Juveniles were in good demand, and *Sweetheart Travellers*, by S. R. Crockett; *The Century Book of Famous Americans*, by Eldridge S. Brooks; *A Little Girl of Long Ago*, by Eliza Orne White, led the sales, while the works of the following favourites continued to be called for: G. A. Henty, Laura M. Richards, Louisa M. Alcott, and Oliver Optic.

The publications of the month were not numerous, and but few books of importance were brought out. *In Bohemia with Du Maurier*, by Felix Moschelles, and *English Society*, sketched by George Du Maurier, were undoubtedly intended for the holiday trade, but their late appearance prevented their becoming known in time.

A list of the popular books of the month, as indicated by their sales, is as follows:

Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. $1.50.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.
The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. $2 00.
Marm Lisa. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1 00.
The Sowers. By Henry Seton Merriman. $1.25.
The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.
Quo Vadis. By Henry K. Sienkiewicz. $2 00.
Some Say. By Laura E. Richards. 50 cents.
A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.
Pictures of People. By Charles Dana Gibson. $5.00.
Tommy-Anne and the Three Hearts. By Mabel Osgood Wright. $1.50.
The Mistress of Brae Farm. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. $1.25.
The Mind of the Master. By Ian Maclaren. $1 50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, January 1, 1897.

The year which has just closed was a remarkable one in many respects. For the most part trade was at a low ebb, and the volume of business done does not compare favourably with the previous year's record. Cause for congratulation, however, may be found in the fact that the book trade has not suffered in the same proportion from the hard times as have most of the other branches of commerce, which would seem to indicate that it is at least on a sound footing. The new year seems to promise better things, and we may confidently expect that trade will be steadier, more regular, and consequently better, than in 1896.

December business was good right through the month, and the booksellers had all they could do to keep up with the demand. Holiday trade was cyclonic in its nature, and when it did open up, though somewhat tardy in starting, the rush was simply terrific. Piles of popular books melted like snow in the sun from the booksellers' counters, when the holiday crowds took possession of the stores, and many publishers were utterly unable to cope with the avalanche of orders they received during the Christmas week, several of the leading books of the day being reported out of stock just before the season ended. The latest popular novels, such as *Kate Carnegie*, *Sentimental Tommy*, *King Noanett*, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, *Marm Lisa*, *The Joy of Life*, and *Quo Vadis*, absorbed the lion's share, but other classes did well, particularly those embracing history and biography. New books published this fall were particularly successful, and it speaks well for the careful way in which this season's publications were selected when we say that there were few, if any, failures among them.

The December list of new books was a large one, and was remarkable for the number of works published other than fiction. The month's books which met with the largest sales were *A Romany of the Snows*, by Gilbert Parker; *That First Affair*, by J. A. Mitchell; *The Quest of the Golden Girl*, by Richard Le Gallienne; *George Washington*, by Woodrow Wilson; *Italy in the Nineteenth Century*, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer, and *Miss Ayr of Virginia*, by Julia Magruder.

Some of the titles conferred upon juvenile books this year are strikingly original, to say the least, and should some of these peculiarly named books attain classical honour the English language will be considerably enlarged. *The Golliwogs Bicycle Club* and *Prince Boo Hoo and Little Smuts* are astounding enough, and *Gobolinks* does not, to the uninitiated, throw much light upon the matter between its covers, but who in the name of mystery knows, without reading the book, who the *Wallypug of Why* is, or ever heard before of *The Zaukewauk and the Bletherwitch?*

Judging from the nature of a number of books published recently and their popularity, it would seem that short-cuts to knowledge are much sought after nowadays. Such books as *Audiences*, by Florence P. Holden; *How to Listen to Music*, by H. S. Krehbiel, and *National Epics*, by Kate Milner Rabb, are selling very well, and are likely to do better as they become familiar.

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Italy in the Nineteenth Century is the latest addition to Mrs. Latimer's histories, and judging from the way the work is selling, it bids fair to rival the most popular of her previous books.

Ian Maclaren is still the author of the hour, and the sales of his books last month were simply enormous. The illustrated editions of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* were by far the most popular of any of the books prepared especially for the holidays, and the pretty white-covered editions of these two books were much admired.

Kate Carnegie and *Sentimental Tommy* divided honours last month as leading favourites, and led the demand from the beginning of the month to the end. *King Noanett* again sold heavily, and the same may be said of *The Seven Seas* and *A Child-World*.

Artie, by George Ade, is enjoying a wonderful vogue just now, and sold largely last month, as, indeed, it has done right through the autumn.

The following list of the best-selling books last month, as sold in the order named, is absolutely reliable :

Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. $1.50.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.
A Child-World. By J. W. Riley. $1.25.
Italy in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. $2.50.
King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. $2.00.
Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25.
Pierrette. By Marguerite Bouvet. $1.25.
A Guest at the Ludlow. By "Bill" Nye. $1.25.
Marm Lisa. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.00.
The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward, 2 vols. $2.00.
Artie. By George Ade. $1.25.
Quo Vadis. By H. K. Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
Menticulture. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.
Chapters from a Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, Nov. 23 to Dec. 19, 1896.

Encouraging accounts of the state of business are being received on all hands, making it evident that the booksellers are sharing in the general improvement of trade, which appears to be universal. So far as can be judged, it is better than it has been for some years past, notwithstanding the low prices that reduction in the cost of paper and printing have produced. Orders from abroad are not quite so heavy, but this is usually the case at the close of the year.

The 6s. novel still holds its own. *On the Face of the Waters* and *The Sign of the Cross* are at present leading, the former being slightly in advance of the latter.

The output of fairy tales for the children is this year very noticeable from its volume and diversity. Old and new, English and foreign, grotesque or moderately possible, all are being eagerly purchased in good numbers. With the boys Henty is the prime favourite, and Mrs. Molesworth with her *Oriel Window* retains her long-enjoyed popularity.

Reprints of well-known authors, illustrated by leading artists, such as Thomson, Brock, and Sullivan, are in great demand. *Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice*, and Thackeray's *Ballads* are among the more prominent of this description.

The annual volumes of the leading juvenile magazines, especially *Chatterbox*, *Sunday Reading for the Young*, the *Boy's Own Paper*, and the *Girl's Own Paper* are selling by hundreds.

The business in almanacs, diaries, pocket-books, and similar productions is very brisk, but the rush always comes with the New Year, when telegrams and urgent letters arrive in showers.

New books and new editions are somewhat reduced in number during the past month, as they well may be. It is noticeable, however, that considerable numbers have been brought out a few days only before Christmas. Surely they would have stood a better chance of being disposed of if delivered a few weeks earlier. No bookseller should miss reading an article dealing with his craft in the current issue of the *Nineteenth Century*.

The quantity of Christmas numbers dealt with this year is greater than ever, they having passed through the wholesale houses by tons' weight.

Among magazines it is noticeable that the *Woman at Home* is the favourite of its kind, many rivals notwithstanding. The leading magazines frequently referred to still maintain their positions.

Subjoined is the usual list of the public's choice from among the hundreds of books submitted to it. As has often been stated, the final selection is a somewhat difficult task, but it has been duly and carefully made, and the following is the result :

On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
Marm Lisa. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
Tom Brown's Schooldays. Illustrated. 6s.
School for Scandal. By R. B. Sheridan. Illustrated. 6s.
Tales of the Alhambra. By W. Irving. Illustrated. 6s.
Joan Seaton. By M. Beaumont. 4s. 6d. net.
Kitty the Rag. By "Rita." 6s.
The Great White Queen. By W. Le Queux. 6s.
Henty's 5s. and 6s. books for boys.
Emma. By Jane Austen. Illustrated. 6s.
Pride and Prejudice. By Jane Austen. Illustrated. 6s.
Sense and Sensibility. By Jane Austen. Illustrated. 6s.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. 6s.
Kipling's books, especially Seven Seas. 6s.
Doctor Nikola. By Guy Boothby. 5s.
A Lady of Quality. By F. H. Burnett. 6s.
A Child of the Jago. By A. Morrison. 6s.
The Missing Prince. By G. E. Farrow. 5s.
Butter-Scotia. By E. A. Parry. 6s.

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The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. 5s.
Rodney Stone. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s.
The Oriel Window. By Mrs. Molesworth. 4s. 6d.
Thackeray's Ballads. Illustrated. 6s.
Our Seven Homes. By Mrs. R. Charles. 7s. 6d.
Hazell's Annual. 3s. 6d.
Animal Story Book. By A. Lang. 6s.
Browning's Poems. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.
My Long Life. By M. C. Clarke. 7s. 6d.
The Heritage of the Spirit. By Bishop Creighton. 3s. 6d.
The Sermon on the Mount. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between December 1, 1896, and January 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25 and $2.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25 and $2.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. A Year in the Fields. By Burroughs. $1.50. (Houghton.)
4. True George Washington. By Ford. $2.00. (Lippincott.)
5. Myths and Legends of Our Own Land. By Skinner. $3.00. (Lippincott.)
6. Country of the Pointed Firs. By Jewett. $1.25. (Houghton.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. A Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
3. One of the Visconti. By Brodhead. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
4. That First Affair. By Mitchell. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. In Sight of the Goddess. By Reade. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Country of the Pointed Firs. By Jewett. $1.25. (Houghton.)
4. Authors and Friends. By Fields. $1.50. (Houghton.)
5. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Country of the Pointed Firs. By Jewett. $1.25. (Houghton.)
2. The Second Century of Charades. By Bellamy. $1.00. (Houghton.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Taquisara. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Old Dorset. By Rogers. $1.25. (Putnam.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1 50. (Appleton.)
6. A Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1 50. (Scribner.)
3. Italy in the Nineteenth Century. By Latimer. $2 50. (McClurg & Co.)
4. A Child-World. By Riley. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
5. Pierrette. By Bouvet. $1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
6. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Mystic Masonry. By Buck. $1.50. (The Robert Clarke Co.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. The Beginners of a Nation. By Eggleston. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Driving. By Underhill. $7.50. (Appleton.)

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3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. That First Affair. By Mitchell. $1.25. (Scribner.)

DENVER, COL.

1. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1 50. (Appleton.)
2. That First Affair. By Mitchell. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. The Gray Man. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. A Child-World. By Riley. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
2. A Guest at the Ludlow. By Nye. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1 25. (Scribner.)
6. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Field Flowers. By Field. $1.00.
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. The Gray Man. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Marm Lisa. By Wiggin. $1.00. (Houghton.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton & Co.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1 50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. Under Side of Things. By Bell. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Mightly Atom. By Corelli. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Sprightly Romance of Marsac. By Molly E. Seawell. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Rodney Stone. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Cure of Souls. By Watson. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Mind of the Master. By Watson. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Hans Brinker. By Dodge. $2.50. (Scribner.)
4. Marm Lisa. By Wiggin. $1.00. (Houghton.)
5. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Venice. By Yriarte. $3 00. (Coates & Co.)

OMAHA, NEB.

1. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Gibson's Book of Drawings. By Gibson. $5.00. (Russell.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25 and $2 00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25 and $2.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

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3. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. White Aprons. By Goodwin. $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
3. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)
6. Cape Cod. 2 vols. By Thoreau. $5.00. (Houghton.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. Rodney Stone. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Marm Lisa. By Wiggin. $1.00. (Houghton.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
2. Singular Life. By Phelps. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. March Hares. By Frederic. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Tales of Languedoc. By Brun. $2.00. (Doxey.)
2. Pictures of People. By Gibson. $5.00. (Russell & Sons.)
3. Kemble's Coons. By Kemble. $2.00. (Russell & Sons.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little Brown & Co.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Sir George Tressady. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. That First Affair. By Mitchell. $1.25. (Scribner.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Love in Old Cloathes. By Bunner. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. A Child-World. By Riley. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)
5. Captain Chap. By Stockton. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
6. A Singular Life. By Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.50. (The Copp Clark Co.)
3. The Land of the Leal. By Lyall. $1.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. The Gray Man. By Crockett. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (English Colonial Edition.)
6. Taquisara. By Crawford. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (English Colonial Edition.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Rodney Stone.* By Doyle. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Geo. Bell & Sons.)
3. The Gray Man.* By Crockett. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Unwin.)
4. Father Stafford. By Hope. 50 cents. (Neely.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Story of Canada. By Bourinot. $1.50. (Putnam.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Myths and Legends of Our Own Land. By Skinner. 2 vols. $3.00. (Lippincott.)
2. Cape Cod. By Thoreau. 2 vols. $5.00. (Houghton.)
3. Constantinople. By De Amicis. 2 vols. $5.00. (Coates.)
4. Venice. By Yriarte. $3.00. (Coates.)
5. Country of Pointed Firs. By Jewett. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

* Colonial libraries.

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LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CROSLEGH, C.—The Bible in the Light of To-day. 12mo, pp. xxviii–497, $2.50....Young

GIBBONS, JAMES, Cardinal.—The Ambassador of Christ. 12mo, pp. xiv–404, $1.00 *net*.Murphy

HOUSMAN, Rev. H.—John Ellerton: Being a Collection of his Writings on Hymnology. With a Sketch of his Life and Works. 12mo, pp. iii–427, $2.00.....Young

MARTINEAU, JAMES.—Faith the Beginning, Self-Surrender the Fulfillment of the Spiritual Life. 18mo, pp. 122, 50 cents...Macmillan

POWELL, H. C.—The Principle of the Incarnation: with Especial Reference to the Relation between our Lord's Divine Omniscience and His Human Consciousness. 8vo, pp. xxxi–483, $4.00.....Longmans, G.

WATSON, J.—Christianity and Idealism: the Christian Ideal of Life and its Relations to the Greek and Jewish Ideals and to Modern Philosophy. 12mo, pp. xviii–216, $1.25 *net*. Macmillan

FICTION.

AUSTEN, JANE.—Emma. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 8vo, pp. xviii–437, $1.50. Macmillan

AUSTIN, L. F.—At Random: Essays and Stories. 12mo, pp. x–263, $1.25..... .....Ward, L.

BARRETT, WILSON.—The Sign of the Cross. 12mo, pp. 303, $1.60.....Lippincott

BLACK, CLEMENTINA.—The Princess Désirée. 12mo, pp. vi–204, $1.25.....Longmans, G.

BROOKE, EMMA F.—Life the Accuser: a Novel in Two Parts. 12mo, pp. ii–411, $1.50. Arnold

BURTON, ALMA HOLMAN.—Massasoit: a Romantic Story of the Indians of New England. 12mo, $1.25.....Morse

CHARRINGTON, CHARLES.—A Sturdy Beggar. 16mo, pp. 163, $1.25.....Stone & K.

CORNFORD, L. COPE.—Captain Jacobus. 16mo, pp. 285, $1.25.....Stone & K.

DAVIS, REBECCA HARDING.—Frances Waldeaux: a Novel. 12mo, pp. vi–207, $1.25...Harper

ELLIS, E. S.—Four Boys. Square 12mo, $1.25. Merriam

FARRAR, Rev. F. W.—The Three Homes: a Tale for Fathers and Sons. 12mo, pp. viii–389, $1.50.....Dutton

GROVES, J. PERCY.—Scotland Forever; or, The Adventures of Alexander MacDonell. 12mo, pp. iv–373, $2.00.....Routledge

HAMILTON, M.—McLeod of the Camerons. 12mo, pp. iv–355, 50 cents.....Appleton

HOOKING, SILAS K.—For Such is Life: a Romance. 12mo, $1.50.....Warne

HOUGHTON, LOUISE SEYMOUR.—The Log of the Lady Grey. Square 8vo, pp. v–93, 50 cents. Bonnell, S.

JAMES, Mrs. FLORENCE ALICE PRICE.—Forge and Furnace: a Novel. 12mo, pp. 215, $1.25.....New Amsterdam Book Co.

JENSEN, W.—Karine: a Story of Swedish Love. From the German of Emma A. Endlich. 16mo, pp. v–211, $1.25.....McClurg

MAGRUDER, JULIA.—Miss Ayr of Virginia, and Other Stories. 16mo, pp. viii–395, $1.25. Stone

MEADE, L. T.—Catalina: Art Student. 12mo, pp. 320, $1.25.....Lippincott

MOLESWORTH, Mrs.—Uncanny Tales. 12mo, pp. ii–228, $1.25.....Longmans, G.

PEEK, HEDLEY.—The Chariot of the Flesh. 12mo, pp. iii–313, $1.25.....Longmans, G.

SEAWELL, MOLLY ELLIOT.—A Virginia Cavalier. 12mo, pp. vi–349, $1.50.....Harper

SETOUN, GABRIEL.—The Child World. 12mo, pp. xiv–155, $1.50.....Lane

SHARP, EVELYN.—Wymps, and Other Fairy Tales. Square 16mo, pp. viii–190, $1.50. Lane

SHIEL, M. P.—Shapes in the Fire: Being a Mid-winter-Night's Entertainment in Two Parts, and an Interlude. 16mo, pp. viii–324, $1.00. Roberts

STREET, G. S.—The Wise and the Wayward. 12mo, pp. vi–234, $1.50.....Lane

POETRY.

BATTERSON, HERMAN GRISWOLD.—Vesper Bells, and Other Verses. 12mo, pp. 220, $2.00.Pott

KREHBIEL, H. E.—How to Listen to Music: Hints and Suggestions to Untaught Lovers of the Art. 16mo, pp. xvi–361, $1.25 *net*. Scribner

LUCAS, WINIFRED.—Units. 16mo, pp. vii–78, $1.25..... .....Lane

MOULTON, C.—In My Lady's Name: Poems of Love and Beauty. Compiled and Arranged by C. Wells Moulton. 16mo, pp. xvii–394, $1.50.....Putnam

ROMANES, GEORGE JOHN.—Selections from the Poems of. With an Introduction by T. Herbert Warren. 12mo, pp. xvi–108, $1.50. Longmans, G.

Ros Rosarum ex Horto Pœtarum: Dew of the Ever-Living Rose, Gathered from the Poets' Gardens of Many Lands by E. V. B. Second Edition. 16mo, pp. xxxii–292, $1.50 *net*. McClurg

SEAMAN, OWEN.—The Battle of the Bays. 16mo, pp. iv–86, $1.25.....Lane

SHERMAN, FRANCIS.—Matins. 16mo, pp. viii–58, $1.25 *net*.....Copeland & D.

WELLS, CAROLYN.—At the Sign of the Sphinx: a Book of Charades. 16mo, pp. viii–103, $1.25..... .....Stone & K.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

BOUTELL, LEWIS HENRY.—The Life of Roger Sherman. 12mo, pp. 361, $2.00...McClurg

COOPER, C. A.—An Editor's Retrospect: Fifty Years of Newspaper Work. 8vo, pp. xv–430, $4.00.....Macmillan

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DAYTON, ABRAM C. — Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York. 8vo, pp. xxxii–386, $2.50.....Putnam

DIX, MORGAN. — Harriet Starr Cannon, First Mother Superior of the Sisterhood of St. Mary: a Brief Memoir. 16mo, pp. vi–149, $1.25.....Longmans, G.

HUTCHINSON, Rev. H. N.—Prehistoric Man and Beast. Large 12mo, pp. xxiv–298, $3.00. Appleton

JANES, L. G. — Samuel Gorton: a Forgotten Founder of our Liberties, First Settler of Warwick, R. I. 12mo, pp. 141, $1.00 *net*. Preston & R.

LATIMER, ELIZABETH WORMELEY.—Italy in the Nineteenth Century, and the Making of Austro-Hungary and Germany. 8vo, pp. iv–436, $2.50.....McClurg

LOOMIS, EBEN J.—An Eclipse Party in Africa: Chasing Summer across the Equator in the U. S. S. Pensacola. 8vo, pp. xii–218, $4.50. Roberts.

MASPERO, G. — The Struggle of the Nations: Egypt, Syria and Assyria. Translated by M. L. McClure. Edited by A. H. Sayce. 8vo, pp. xii–794, $7.50.....Appleton

MILLER, WILLIAM.—The Balkans: Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro. 12mo, xx–476, $1.50.....Putnam

MONROE, HARRIET.—John Wellborn Root: a Study of his Life and Work. 8vo, pp. xiv–291, $6.00 *net*.....Houghton, M.

MOSCHELES, FELIX. — In Bohemia with Du Maurier: the First of a Series of Reminiscences. 8vo, pp. 146, $2.50.....Harper

SCHLATTER, FRANCIS. — Biography of Francis Schlatter, the Healer: with his Life, Works and Wanderings. 16mo, pp. 200, 50 cents. Schlatter Pub. Co.

WATERS, Mrs. CLARA E. C.—The Eternal City: Rome; its Religions, Monuments, Literature and Art. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. ix–422; vii–423–831, $5.00.....Estes & L.

WESTON, WALTER. — Mountaineering and Exploration in the Japanese Alps. 8vo, pp. xvi–346, $6.00.....Scribner

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